THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Terror on the Frontiers	*Élie Richard*
Our Grievances Against Britain	*Tanzan Ishibashi*
How to Stop Hitler?	*Lionel M. Gelber*
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Stalin's Bloodhound	*Roman Gul*
Visit to a Harem	*Miriam Harry*
For Conscience' Sake (A Story)	*Laurence Housman*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

MONTHS of intense preparation within Austria preceded Chancellor Hitler's sudden stroke on March 11th. Similar preparations are being made across Germany's borders in every direction. In a group of four articles, entitled 'Terror on the Frontiers' [p. 196], will be found *reportages* describing the methods employed in this penetration in Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and Denmark. Fearful and helpless since the collapse of the League and collective security, the peoples of these countries take but little comfort in reports that the Führer's immediate designs lie toward the East.

LIONEL M. GELBER, the author of the article, 'How to Stop Hitler?', is a Canadian, which fact enables him to look upon Great Britain's position in the present European turmoil with a detachment that is denied to nearly all the English experts. His discussion of the necessity for creating a new balance of power in Europe provides an informed and realistic view of 'the shape of things to come.' It is a remarkably clear draught of the main trends of power on the troubled Continent. [p. 209]

NOT so long ago, the 'comrades' of the Soviet Union were as proud of their proletarian manners as of their proletarian antecedents. In 'Russia Learns Manners,' the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* discovers that better pay and more leisure have brought in their wake a new appreciation for the amenities of life. [p. 216]

OUR 'Two Stories' this month are a study in contrast. 'For Conscience' Sake,' by Laurence Housman, describes a morning with a most conscientious Bishop, and how he satisfied his delicate scruples in the christening of a warship. [p. 219] 'Old Agustin's Rebellion,' by Beato A. de la Cruz, a Filipino schoolteacher, tells the story of a rugged mountaineer who, secure in his simple honesty, successfully defies the *gobierno*. [p. 221]

DESPITE the energy and cleverness with which German, Italian and Japanese traders are trying to win the Latin American markets, the chief struggle continues to be between Great Britain and the United States. D. Stuart-Rice gives a British version of the background and present state of their rivalry in the article, 'On the Latin American Front.' [p. 235]

A BRAVE man indeed is Mr. Tanzan Ishibashi, editor of the *Oriental Economist*, for daring to publish the correspondence between himself and Mr. Hugh Byas about Anglo-Japanese relations. When a nation is engaged in war, its citizens do not relish unflattering criticism, and Mr. Byas's replies to Mr. Ishibashi's questions undoubtedly constitute the sharpest attack on Japanese policy which has been printed in Japan since the beginning of the China Incident. The two letters, 'Our Grievances Against Britain,' [p. 240], and 'Japan Always Says "No,"' [p. 242], throw a great deal of light on the dangerous tension between Japan and Great Britain, and on the intransigence of Japanese policy.

'CHINESE MOTHER,' Feng Wen-kou, a withered peasant woman who carries two Mauser pistols under her apron 'and knows how to use them,' is a sketch of the Chinese people's guerrilla warfare against the Japanese invader. Its author, Richard Goodman, a New College Scholar gone radical, is Foreign Editor of the British *Daily Worker*. [p. 246]

MME. MIRIAM HARRY, a correspondent for the Paris *Temps*, who has been traveling in the East, writes a

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

If ever I wanted to attack an opponent, I would not do as Mussolini does. I would not negotiate and prepare for months but would do as I have always done: Emerge out of the dark and with the swiftness of a bolt of lightning throw myself upon my opponent.
Chancellor Hitler at Nuremberg

LIKE THOR THE HAMMERER, Hitler will strike again when the 'Divine inspiration' comes upon him—the 'Divine inspiration' which he said moved him to embrace Austria.

It may well be that the Führer is a dreamer, as so many who have studied him declare; yet historians in the future are far more likely to find that every one of his blows against the Versailles System was based upon shrewd calculation. Conditions in Europe have been extremely favorable to the success of his daring method of treaty revision ever since he came to power. And what is little less than terrifying to those who love peace and hate the militarism and megalomania of the New Germany is the fact that conditions in Europe today are probably more favorable to the success of the grim weapons he employs than they have ever been.

Prime Minister Chamberlain has given him virtually a free hand in Eastern Europe; France is a house divided against itself over profound internal issues; Poland has been immobilized by fear. Russia will not

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move to aid Czechoslovakia, even if she could, unless France does, and France can hardly move without British assent. In any case, it appears that help, from whatever quarter, will arrive too late to save the next victim of the 'bolt of lightning.' When wishful thinking about the Anglo-Italian accord has been sheared away, the agreement stands revealed as nothing less than a British recognition of conquest and of armed intervention under the pretense of combating Bolshevism. Mr. Chamberlain has thereby endangered the security of every peaceful nation on the continent of Europe. Whether Hitler strikes because of 'Divine inspiration,' or because of shrewd calculation, the European situation is by far too opportune for the realization of some, at least, of his remaining objectives for him to wait.

While the formal annexation of Danzig to Germany may be proclaimed at any moment, we believe that Czechoslovakia has been marked as the next victim of the new *Drang Nach Osten*. We do not expect her complete independence to survive the summer. Perhaps the aggression will take the form of a sudden ultimatum demanding the country's reorganization on the basis of racial cantons. The Czechs and the Slovaks would thus be placed under the leading strings of Berlin, and Czechoslovakia's independence in foreign affairs would come to an end.

Ominous, indeed, was the dramatic announcement of a Sudeten German Deputy to the Czechoslovak Parliament on March 15th: 'It is five minutes to twelve!' In Germany, as a result of recent events, a new phrase has been added to the old *motif* about rescuing 'lost German brothers.' On the morrow of the *Anschluss*, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* declared that 'a strong army more than pays its way, not only because it protects, but because it increases the space and the wealth of the German nation.'

THE FOREIGN POLICY of the Chamberlain Government has nowhere abroad been more severely attacked than in the House of Commons, in the Labour press and in liberal periodicals such as the *Economist* and the *New Statesman and Nation*. It has, of course, many unofficial defenders and apologists, and one of the latter writes in the *Spectator* as follows:—

> Consider for a moment the unanswered questions, on the answers to which the Government's policy must be based. Has Austria satisfied Herr Hitler's territorial ambitions? Could we, even if we wanted to, give immediate help to Czechoslovakia except by air attacks on Germany in the west, resulting in unimaginable slaughter and destruction on both sides? Has France the capacity, and Russia the will and capacity, to engage Germany successfully? Will General Franco, if he wins, throw off foreign domination or submit to it? Would Poland in the last resort be in the French or the German camp, and Yugoslavia

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> in the French or the Italian? Could Germany be counted on to leave the West of Europe alone if we concluded we could not go campaigning against her in the East; or has she a long-term policy consisting of consolidation in the East to be followed by concentration on remaining opponents in the West? Is the régime in Germany, or in Italy, in any danger from within?
>
> If the Cabinet knew certainly the answers to these questions, or half of them, it might begin to see some light amid the darkness that enshrouds the future.

Almost all of these questions are discussed and answered by Lionel M. Gelber in the article, 'How to Stop Hitler?' elsewhere in this issue. There is plenty of light, and the Cabinet is simply blind, according to its opponents, one of whom observes editorially in the *Economist:*—

> The Prime Minister's sympathies, like those of a majority of his fellow Conservatives, are no doubt strongly 'anti-Red.' And this ideological prejudice is blinding the Conservative Party to vital and obvious British interests which were never out of the minds of these gentlemen's fathers and grandfathers. They are determined not to believe that patriotism can demand a policy in Spain that class feeling makes distasteful.

The Labour Party's great victory in the West Fulham by-election was won on a campaign against the Government's acquiescence in Fascist aggression, and by many observers it is regarded as a straw in the wind which indicates a drastic change in the Cabinet, if not its fall, in the near future. The decisive fillip to British discontent with Mr. Chamberlain's policy would come, we believe, upon news that Hitler had struck again.

WE ARE PREPARED to believe that Prime Minister Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Halifax and others who are responsible for Britain's continual retreat before the aggressors have acted conscientiously and patriotically, according to their lights. We would not charge them with being pro-German, or pro-Franco, although their antipathy to Popular Fronts everywhere cannot be denied. They no doubt believe that they have acted in Great Britain's best long-term interests to the extent permitted by the inadequacy of the nation's military and naval power. Yet we expect that before a decade has passed they will be judged as well-meaning but ill-informed and purblind leaders, the effect of whose acts was little short of treasonable.

ARMAMENTS AND PROFITS have always gone hand in hand, and when Great Britain began her $7,500,000,000 rearmament campaign, the Conservative Cabinet refused to heed the Labour Party's plea that something be done to limit profiteering—to make sure that the British taxpayer would get his money's worth in security. Mr. Stokes, Labour

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M. P., who is also a munitions manufacturer, offered in March, 1937, to provide the Government with 3.45 shells on a non-profit basis and at a price from 16 to 40 per cent below the cartel figure, depending on the size of the contract. At Passchendaele, where Mr. Stokes was an artilleryman, some 1,750,000 shells were expended daily, and he estimated that on such a figure he could save the Government $3,000,000 a day. The offer of Mr. Stokes was turned down, the contracts were awarded in the old way, and munitions shares and profits have boomed. The market value of the Richard Thomas steel group has risen from £450,000 in 1931 to £11,000,000; that of Whiteheads rose in seven months from £200,000 to £3,600,000. The English Steel Corporation reported a profit last year of £1,317,399, and declared a dividend of 20 per cent; Vickers reported profits of over £2,000,000, doubled its reserves and declared a dividend of 10 per cent; Vickers-Armstrong, with a profit of £1,965,550, produced a dividend of 10 per cent. Topping the list, however, is Handley-Page, the aircraft manufacturers, with a dividend of 50 per cent and a 100 per cent share bonus.

MUSSOLINI AND ITALY are still useful to Chancellor Hitler, and it is improbable that the Nazi authorities will say anything officially about the redemption of the German 'brothers' in the South Tyrol for some months. It is a well-known fact, however, that the German-speaking population south of the Brenner Pass, which came under the Italian flag as a result of the Allied victory in 1918, has been the most suppressed of all German racial minorities. The nationalistic basis of Fascism, as of National Socialism, is so strong that cultural enclaves cannot be tolerated. In time, Germany will be obliged to interest herself officially in the plight of the South Tyroleans. Indeed, the region they inhabit has long been colored 'German' on racial maps prepared in the Reich, and unofficial propaganda in behalf of the minority is countenanced by the German authorities. In a wall case in Munich, for example, there recently appeared a list of ten rules for Germans who visit the South Tyrol. Such visitors are urged to remember that the region is German 'to the core,' to speak German as far south as Salurn, to comfort the peasants in their fight against continual spying and persecution, to avoid staying at Italian hotels and inns, to sign postcards 'from Bozen' and 'from Meran,' instead of 'from Bolzano' and 'from Merano.' They are also advised to avoid boisterous behavior, since the South Tyroleans will have to pay for it later. And in conclusion, the following statement:—

> Once again, South Tyrol is a region which is German to the core. It is a piece of the best German land. The inhabitant of South Tyrol is a German; he belongs to the German people as you and I do. He is a fellow-countryman. Do

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not let yourself be fooled about these basic facts by any Italian whitewash or any alien lie.

Italy cannot give up the Brenner Pass peacefully, or grant autonomy to South Tyrol; Germany cannot abandon the minority. Here is a weakness in the Berlin-Rome Axis that is bound to become more and more serious.

VERY INTERESTING are some of the observations of Mr. Z. Rowe, in the Conservative English *National Review* regarding the similarities of Nazism and Bolshevism. Coining a new word, 'Nashevism,' to describe the authoritarian régimes, he says:—

> In the peace-loving States, our public opinion, our press, our parliaments, our very foreign offices, are all completely dominated by a concept of 'normal,' peace-time, foreign relations which Nashevism has made obsolete. To us the difference between war and peace is a difference in *kind*, whereas to the Nashevist war differs from peace only in *degree*. Nashevism recognizes no difference between war and peace except that in war all pretense at amicable relations is abandoned; in 'peace,' deference to the pretense of friendship restricts the attack on the enemy to three fronts: propaganda, economic pressure and terrorism. Under these three heads Nashevism conducts various forms of organized lying, fraudulent bankruptcy and violence ranging from murder and abduction to the kidnapping of a nation.
>
> No odium attaches to treaty-breaking because a treaty has only the same significance in 'peace' that the consolidation of newly-won positions has in war. Having scrapped the Versailles Treaty, Herr Hitler extolled the Locarno Treaty —and likewise scrapped it a few weeks later.
>
> As long as we remain blind to the Nashevist common front we will be shuttled back and forth between Nazism and Bolshevism according to the momentary delusions of our own public opinion. Now the Spanish Reds—who go about murdering their 'class enemies'—will appeal to us as 'liberals.' Now the Spanish Whites—who recruit foreigners to shoot down their own countrymen—will appeal to us as 'Nationalists.'

THE NUMBER OF JEWS in Italy is estimated at 75,000, 15,000 of whom live in Rome, and they do not exercise a powerful influence in commerce and banking as they did in the Second Reich. Immediately after the establishment of the Rome-Berlin Axis there was a futile Italian attempt to launch a pogrom on the German model. A certain amount of anti-Semitism has always been present in political and journalistic circles, and Farinacci, ex-Secretary of the Fascist Party, Preziosi, Interlandi, Orano and other writers view 'international Judaism' with alarm. There is no racial or religious prejudice, and these writers direct their attacks mainly against Zionism, which they regard as a foe of Fascist imperialism. Anti-Semitism has not thus far become a part of the Fascist doctrine, and Italian Jews who are not suspected of Zion-

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ist sympathies have often been reassured of their safety by the highest official quarters. Despite occasional despatches forecasting a drive against the Jews, there is little reason to believe that Italy will countenance their persecution.

SMALL URNS, each containing the ashes of a brave soldier who died for his Mikado in distant China, are delivered by the thousands every month to bereaved families throughout Japan. Enthusiasm for the 'punishment' of China has never reached the peak of a true war fever, and, as the complete victory hoped for is not yet in sight, the nation's temper has become one of grim determination. The Royal Family, the press and the cameramen are doing their best to keep war emotions alive, but their task is far more difficult than it was six months ago. By major efforts the Japanese can take Suchow and establish communication by land between their northern and southern commands; they can take even Hankow without great difficulty. But if China can find the moral and material strength to continue her vigorous guerrilla warfare against the invader—if she can become an enormous sponge which drains his blood and resources—then there may come a revulsion against the struggle in Japan.

NO ONE KNOWS what demands will be made of the United States Navy during the next quarter century; hence no one can know exactly how large it should be. We do know that even if its function were strictly limited to the defense of the Continental United States it would have to be an oceanic navy and therefore large and enormously expensive to build and maintain. Our expenses are considerably greater than those of other nations because of our higher labor costs, and because of the virtual cartel which exists among the steel companies and other firms which bid for naval contracts. The Japanese, for example, can build a warship in almost any category for approximately half the cost to this country.

If a broader view is taken of the navy's functions: that it must be prepared to maintain the Monroe Doctrine against any aggressor; that it must defend Hawaii and Alaska; that it must be powerful enough to support traditional American policies such as the freedom of the seas and protection of our interests abroad—if this view is taken, the proposed Super-Navy program is by no means excessive. Here is an important question of national interest, and whichever view of its function is taken, no one can deny that the navy we believe we require must be planned and built years in advance, for warships cannot be extemporized during an emergency. Our prevision as to our needs must be good, because in an emergency a navy that is inferior to its adversary is one of

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the most pitiful spectacles offered by history. Even if billions have been spent upon it, it is soon sunk or bottled up.

Many sincere citizens and some of our legislators believe that our Navy should exist solely for defense, and need not, therefore, be a huge armada. There are technical and strategic reasons why a navy which is not designed for offensive action will be inadequate for defense. We would emphasize certain other weaknesses, however, in the case for a 'defensive' navy. All nations, for example, contend that their navies, and their armies as well, are designed for 'defense.' Yet 'defense' is a peace-time term, and assuming that the United States should again find it necessary to go to war, the term and conception behind it would be forgotten within a few hours. The primary aim of a nation at war is to win, to employ 'force without stint' to bring the enemy to his knees. And that can not be achieved by 'defense.' Public opinion having reached the stage of war fever, will demand action, aggressive action, and a 'defensive' navy would promptly be forced to attempt operations for which its means will be inadequate, and with tragic consequences. In all our past foreign wars, even when we were a weak nation, the American Navy has sought out the enemy, fighting him in foreign waters, harrying and blockading his shipping. So great would be the demand of an outraged nation for vigorous action that the navy will be obliged to undertake the same course in the future.

What the proponents of a 'defensive navy' really desire is not that our navy shall be weak, but that it shall not be so strong as to encourage us to carry our national honor on our sleeves and become embroiled in a costly and bloody war over some petty insult or investment many thousands of miles away. That danger may well give us pause.

WE NOTE THAT THE INDEMNITY of $2,214,007.36, which the State Department has demanded of Japan for the sinking of the U. S. S. *Panay*, includes damages other than those connected with the loss of the gunboat and the deaths of several of its crew. These other items cover the loss of three Socony-Vacuum Oil Company vessels which were being convoyed by the *Panay* up the Yangtze. Since there is technically no war in China, an indemnity for such damages may be technically proper. Nevertheless, the inclusion of Socony-Vacuum's losses among the official and relatively justifiable claims for the *Panay* lends some ground to the suspicion that 'influence' has been at work. Other American interests, which have suffered many millions in damages at Shanghai and elsewhere, must await the end of the struggle before their claims can be presented to Tokyo. Even then their chances for indemnification will be virtually nil.

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Abduction, espionage, propaganda and the encouragement of traitors—these are some of the activities of Nazi agents inside the borders of Germany's helpless and fearful little neighbors.

Terror *on the* Frontiers

I. The Shadow Over Belgium

By Élie Richard

Translated from *Ce Soir*, Paris Extreme Leftist Daily

WE GOT OUT of the car and walked toward Eupen, along the road which was soft with snow. On top of the hillside we could see a boundary mark—where the frontier ran in 1914. Looking across the bronze mass of the forest and almost flush with the curly tops of the pines, we saw a small brown cone—the observatory tower at Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, as most of the Eupeners still call it. Over there, behind those woods, is the new boundary line.

The town of Eupen itself stands in the valley, but some of it straggles up the mountainside which it faces. It's like one of the little cities on the Rhine—but to say that its style is sometimes that of Liège is not at all a contradiction. It is a city of solid stone buildings, heavy and ornate. There are large, silent monasteries and massive churches with bulbous steeples. Twenty or more factories are smoking and humming as we pass by. I like this region, which seems so forthright and industrious.

Hans, my guide, is an extremely cautious man. He was once arrested on suspicion at Aachen and spent some time in prison before his release was secured through diplomatic intervention. That taught him reserve. Before he speaks he looks around him. When I speak too loudly he lays his hand on my arm. What is he afraid of? His furtive air is disquieting, but I was to find it a characteristic of Eupen, whose people live always under the thrall of a silent terror.

Aachen is the principal source of this terror, which inhabitants of

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Eupen share with those of Malmedy. There is no doubt that Aachen, which used to be the metropolis for these regions, covets the 70,000 souls that were taken from under its jurisdiction by the Treaty of Versailles. Particularly is it irked by the fact that the two cantons have grown prosperous under the Belgian flag. A Belgian financier said to me: 'If the new Belgians would bother to figure things out, they would never wish to return to Germany. Within Belgium, Eupen and Malmedy have grown to be important cities—at the expense of Aix-la-Chapelle.'

But Aachen has by no means been supplanted in the minds of the new Belgian citizens. It still imposes its outlook in politics, literature, sports, fashions and amusements. Because of its theaters, moving picture halls and shops, the new Belgian citizens would much rather go there than to Liège, the nearest large Belgian city, which is two hours away by train—practically at the end of the world. And Aachen has taken on an aura of martyrdom in Germany; it is seen as a meeting-place of the 'lost brothers,' who are to be redeemed some day. It is the headquarters of all the pro-German elements. Old veterans from Eupen and Malmedy go there to drink with their cronies to the Fatherland's victories. Often one sees these 'lost brothers' marching through Aachen in their local and regional costumes shouting as they go: 'German Alsace! German Danzig! German Malmedy! German Eupen!'

Aachen is also the headquarters from which the Gestapo sends out its emissaries into Eupen, Malmedy, St. Vith, Ligneuville, etc., just as if these regions were still under its jurisdiction. Several times an automobile with a German license plate was pointed out to me. One man whom I saw riding about in Eupen later became head of the Gestapo bureau in Aachen. I asked: 'Aren't those people ever arrested?'

'What for?' was the answer. 'Their papers are in order. They are supposed to be here on business, or to look after family affairs.'

I wanted to interview some refugees, who are said to cross the frontier into Belgium every day. My friend Hans was ready to help me. 'There is an ex-German here who runs a rooming house. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he would help to put you on the trail of one of his victims. . . .'

'Victims?'

'Yes. You'll see.'

On our way over, my companion nudged me with his elbow. I turned around and saw M. Fauxius, president of the Glider Club, about to enter a café. An automobile drew up to him and its occupant said: '*Morgen.*'

'*Morgen,*' M. Fauxius responded, and the driver asked, 'Are we to expect you tonight?' The automobile bore a German license plate. Hans whispered, 'The Glider Club, my friend, is synonymous here with the Nazi group. Under the pretext of flying kites they spread propaganda. But let's go on.'

II

The German landlord turned out to be a powerful fellow—a full-blooded Aryan, to judge by the color of his hair and his round skull. He asked, none too amiably, what we wanted. My friend, who speaks German like Wotan, and with a bit of the Aachen

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accent to boot, came back with a little speech that must have sounded like music in the German's ear, to judge by its effects.

'We are looking for a refugee who has had some trouble here. Naturally we want to help him. . . .'

He said this with such a knowing air and such a sly wink that the German immediately caught on and fairly outdid himself in trying to supply us with the information we wanted. Yes, of course he knew several men of that sort. There was one Müller who seemed to be exactly the man we wanted.

'Just imagine it,' said the German, 'he actually criticized General Ludendorff once. He objected to his creating a new religion. Now he is working in a garage in Upper Eupen, washing cars.'

We went in search of the contradictor of Ludendorff. But our appearance in the garage where he worked had a curious effect. Two men looking for a third! In Eupen it is always a cause for alarm. Immediately eyes open wide, mouths close in a thin pinched line. We were sent to another address, where we were met with the same signs of apprehension. We were told that Müller had gone to meet us.

So we went back to the garage and found the former writer among the automobiles which now provide him with his only means of livelihood. A tall, powerful young man who was standing some distance away exchanged a knowing glance with him. We told Müller who we were and he burst into a laugh of sheer relief. He explained that we had been taken for Gestapo men and that his doughty companion had been assigned to him as a bodyguard and to be a witness if any attempt were made to abduct him. Such precautions are not unjustified. There are many cases of kidnapping in Eupen. Only recently the German police had become so bold as to cross the border to arrest a Eupen man on Belgian territory. Now he lies in the Aachen prison.

We went to interview a family of refugees and were told that they had rented a car and departed for the interior or perhaps for Amsterdam. Yes, that's it! They went to Amsterdam. I could not restrain a smile. Here, too, they had taken us for Gestapo agents and were trying to throw us off the trail of our supposed victims. I am telling all this to show the dismay that seizes the citizens of Eupen whenever the question of refugees arises. A taint of danger clings to the unfortunate exiles. It is as if they are carriers of some dread disease. People avoid them, repulse them, and if they do risk helping them, it is not without a great deal of apprehension.

III

I spoke to the Dean of Eupen. He was a tall, rather stout man of about fifty, with a frank face and an exuberant shock of brown hair slightly touched with gray. His large honest eyes regarded me with some surprise as I made my request, which was to be given the opportunity of seeing some of the men who had been forced to flee Germany because of religious persecution.

'This is a rather embarassing request,' he said slowly. 'You see, I am in a rather difficult position here. The men who flee here—and I don't mean only the priests—do not tell us every-

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thing about themselves, and even if they should reveal their identity, do you think we would betray them to you and endanger the friends and relatives they left behind them?'

Again the same apprehensive caution. Underneath the honest glance of the priest I sensed the secret terror from which the whole region was suffering, a terror which nobody in it knew how to combat. He went on, as though reading my thoughts: 'I am not being cautious for myself alone. You must realize that my house is under constant surveillance. I live in a stifling atmosphere of treachery and espionage. From time to time I receive visits from refugees who may be spies, but who certainly are not refugees. They ask me questions. They want to know what I think. Right now they know in Germany that you are with me. Perhaps they even know who you are. I never confide in anyone. Anyone, you understand!'

There was a short but eloquent silence, for we understood each other. Then the Dean went on in a changed voice: 'I can tell you one story because it deals with me personally, and because the man in question is already in Holland. One night, at three o'clock in the morning, there was a knock at my door. I opened it. A priest was outside. He was exhausted, having spent the whole night in the woods. He hesitated before entering, for we recognized each other and there was one thing between us that neither of us had forgotten. But what was there to do? He stayed with me for three days and then went away. I have received a letter from him since, thanking me for having taken him in and for having been silent about our secret.

'During the World War,' he continued, 'I was a chaplain in the Belgian Army. The only way I had of keeping in touch with my family, which was then in the occupied part of the country, was to write to this priest, a cousin of mine, who was German. Unfortunately, his patriotism came first—he was more a German than a Christian and a Catholic. I believe that all the misfortunes of today come from the fact that nationalism is put before religion. This priest, to whom I sent the letters to my family, opened and censored them. One day he stopped sending them on to my father, and my family believed me dead. And this was the man who at three o'clock in the morning, panting with exhaustion, knocked at my door to ask for help. The country for which he had betrayed me had finally betrayed him.'

The Abbé Hutten rose from the table. He puffed on his cigar sharply and his eyes sparkled as he escorted me to the door.

'You must excuse me. This is Saturday, the day of confessions, you know.'

IV

In addition to the new Belgians of Eupen, there are also newcomers from Aachen, particularly merchants and industrialists. With them have come the false refugees, the bloodhounds of the Gestapo and spies who have been ordered to secure the plans of the Belgian fortresses. Recently, two spies, one of them a Pole, were arrested at Verviers, midway between Eupen and Malmedy. The Pole confessed that he received two or three checks a month from the German Consulate in Liège.

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'The German agents,' said Hans, 'often have other business. Whenever some unfortunate refugee arrives here, they get hold of him and tell him how dangerous and even immoral it is to leave the Fatherland. If he returns at once, the harm done will not be great, and he will be dealt with indulgently. By this time the refugee is already homesick and has been met with suspicion and even hostility in Belgium. He listens to these sympathetic and understanding men, and sometimes they persuade him to go back with them across the border. There, of course, he is arrested and sentenced to twelve years in prison.'

The leaders of the pro-German movement are well known but highly elusive. They have one foot in Aachen and one in Belgium and there seems to be no way to combat their activities. Nor do the pro-Germans take the trouble to hide their sympathies. Whenever there is a holiday at Eupen, they go to Aachen. They approve of Rexism (the Belgian Fascist movement) and decline to join any of the nationalist Walloon societies.

They are made very welcome on the German side. At Hauzet, a large hostel is maintained especially for them. It has forty-two beds, a tremendous kitchen and even a moving-picture hall. The charge for spending the night there is only 10 pfenning. Propagandist films are shown and the hostel library lends approved Nazi books to the visitors.

All along the frontier there is intense pro-German activity. Agents go from house to house, bringing to sympathizers the good news about the Saar and Austria. An efficient surveillance committee keeps a reference file which will be useful in determining the political reliability of the 'lost brothers' when the cantons are finally brought back to the bosom of the Fatherland. These files are pretty complete. When King Leopold III and his unfortunate Queen Astrid visited Liège, the burgomasters and the aldermen of Eastern Belgium were all invited to be present. Not all of them came. It was learned later that the local Führers had drawn up, for future reference, a list of those burgomasters and aldermen who were imprudent enough to show their allegiance to the King of Belgium.

Many of the secret agents are recruited among the refugees themselves, who have been forced to serve the Gestapo in order to protect the relatives they left behind them. It is also probable that many inhabitants of Eupen, who believe that the canton will eventually be rejoined to Germany, assist the Gestapo as a precaution.

The German Government has often demanded the extradition of refugees on grounds that at first sight seemed valid. One German priest spent five weeks in the Liège prison because he had been accused by the German authorities of embezzling his parish funds. An inquiry proved his innocence.

Another man, who at one time was director of a railroad company at Aachen, was also accused of theft. But the German authorities were unable to submit proofs of their charge.

V

Labor camps have played an interesting rôle in the German penetration of the Belgian frontier. There was one at Runchen, near Eupen, in which 280

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men were working. They were supposed to be making a road through the forest. But they were also engaged in military surveying and they diverted the course of the little Vesdre River away from the frontier. A Belgian police officer on one occasion surprised fifty of these workers, together with their supervisors, building a road on Belgian territory. Their leader said that he did not realize that they had passed the frontier.

The Belgians are indulgent. Until recently only five police officers were posted to guard the twenty-five kilometers of frontier before Eupen. On the German side, the frontier guards are numerous and implacable. They fire on the unfortunates who try to run the frontier. And they have a mania for questionnaires. I have in my possession one which men coming back to Germany are supposed to answer. Question 33 asks: 'Do you know any Germans who are carrying on activities against Germany abroad?' Question 34: 'What are their names?' Question 35: 'What are their addresses?'

It seems that the lives of the new Belgians are completely controlled from Aachen. Even the Storm Troop command keeps an eye on the Eupeners, for it has many members in the canton. Eupen's athletic organizations are closely affiliated with those across the frontier. Every Monday, for example, cars are waiting after the factories close to take members of the Eupen Swimming Club to Aachen, where they can swim with the Germans.

The children are not neglected. Last year, Madame Gieritz, wife of Eupen's Führer, took 115 children to Aachen for a month's free vacation in Germany. The same thing was done in Malmedy, but there the propaganda was even more skillful. When the little travelers returned, each child had been given a present 'from Germany' to its mother.

In Malmedy I talked with the burgomaster, who knows the Germans well, having once served in their fleet. As a matter of fact, he was one of the leaders of the Kiel Rebellion, for which there is still a price on his head.

He is not particularly alarmed about the Nazi peril for he does not believe that in his canton the German propaganda and terrorism will get very far. Yet others told me that the Germans have been very busy even in Malmedy. There are always malcontents who provide rich soil for propaganda, and the Malmedy clergy continues to look toward Cologne and Aachen.

The countryside has proved much more susceptible to propaganda than the city. In one village I saw a group of peasants stop at the vicarage to bait the curé. The latter was a German who had rebelled against the militarism and persecution in the Third Reich and, after escaping, had been permitted to exercise his office in Belgium.

Later I heard one of the peasants say:—

'We want to be Germans because we want to belong to a great nation.'

I asked the curé what he thought about this.

'Naturally,' he said, 'the Reich gives everything to these men—while they still belong to Belgium. They are called "the lost brothers." They are flattered and are given favors, subsidies, receptions and are honored

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in many ways. They do not experience the hardships and severity of life in the Reich. But if they should again belong to Germany, which God forbid, they will be told, like anybody else: "Keep quiet, you swine!"'

II. Swiss Forebodings

By J. B. Rusch

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

WE SWISS know very well that the Germany of today, which is more than ever Prussia, has a distinctive method of attack. We have seen this method used many times in recent years, but its most daring and overt employment was in the seizure and incorporation of Austria. Germany's neighbors will do well to inform themselves of this *Methode*, as it is being used even now against them, and will continue to be used again, and yet again.

Here is how the method works. Within the country which is to be attacked sometime in the future a group or party must be formed whose ideology and external customs resemble those of the State which is to attack. This group, or party, must be so developed as to resemble the ruling party of the latter State: it must have a uniform and a disciplined organization. It must be dependent upon subsidies from its sponsor and coöperate in every way with the headquarters in the Fatherland of the 'idea.' The party is expected to challenge all others and to foment domestic strife; it should also have at its disposal sufficient means to attract unemployed youth and malcontents, giving them what nobody else in their own country will grant. The poor devils in the smaller State must be assured that they will take over the positions of those whom they envied for years—when the time comes. The group should behave so conspicuously and provocatively in the smaller State that the authorities are led by fear to oppose and suppress it. As a result, the 'persecuted' are drawn closer together, and the ties that bind them to the kindred principles of the powerful neighboring State are strengthened. Thus, there develops a *Schicksalsgemeinschaft*, a sense of common destiny, hence the 'duty' of the great State to protect its smaller and weaker 'brethren.'

The first step is interference in the domestic affairs of the defenseless neighbor. Demands are made for concessions to the vanguard. But that is not enough, for soon this vanguard will send out an appeal for help to its protector. It cries out that its very existence in its own country is threatened. And the father protector says: 'The people of my race, my fellow fighters, have called me; it is the desire of the dear little neighboring nation that we protect it.' Orders are thereupon given to march, and the neighboring country is conquered.

Three points, therefore, are to be remembered: 1. Through propaganda and organizers a party is founded in the neighboring country based upon the same slogans and gestures; 2. The party attempts a *putsch* and has to be

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curbed by the small State; 3. As soon as the halo of martyrdom is visible, the party cries for help—and the 'savior' arrives.

This method is clear. But it is flexible and may be adjusted to the conditions of the country that is to be conquered. Wherever, for certain reasons, it is not advisable to engage in conspicuous activities, because they would create resentment instead of serving as propaganda among the people to be crushed, another method —that of boring from within—is followed. Sympathizers are sought within the army and the civil service and a close contact with them is maintained; nationalist slogans about the native soil are employed; the group is advised to attack the 'Left,' so as to make the 'borers' appear in the light of patriotic conservatives. Always the danger from the 'Reds,' from the Left, is exaggerated so that a desire for cooperation with the 'strong' States is created merely to overcome the fictitious Communists.

The first method was applied in Austria, the second one in Spain. Both have succeeded: Austria today has become a subject of Prussia, and Spain will tomorrow be a western European colony of Italy.

II

Which method is being used in Switzerland? We have been somewhat cautious. From the outset we have prohibited party uniforms and the arming of party groups. But we should not be so foolish as to imagine that we are completely safe. We have merely made propaganda from without more difficult. There is no need to create a bogyman, but we must keep our ears and eyes very wide open and observe everything that is going on around us. Every single person with disloyal intentions toward our country, such as maintaining suspicious connections outside our frontiers, should from now on know that he is watched by our entire people. Austria collapsed because of her gullibility. This gullibility is our weakness, too. Yesterday a foreigner arrived. Today we are already on familiar terms with him and he is inside all our organizations. Tomorrow he is a Swiss citizen. We do not want to be unfair to our new citizens; there are many among them who feel more genuinely Swiss than those of us who look back upon centuries of Swiss tradition. Wherever this is true we should be ashamed. But there are also others who have allowed themselves to become careless because of their admiration of Germany's tremendous success.

Here is what comes of such gullibility: the Nazi *coup* in Austria had hardly been carried out when the Austrian border patrols were provided with huge books containing complete lists of the former Austria's citizens, alphabetically arranged, in which 'traitors' were distinguished from those who were to be permitted to pass the border. Why should we believe that we Swiss have been spied upon to a lesser extent—that a blacklist of patriotic Swiss has not also been prepared? And to whom do we owe that, if not to the traitors in our midst?

So it is imperative that we keep our eyes and ears open. Today every Swiss citizen must solemnly resolve to spot those agents of *Anschluss* and resignation, whether they are old citizens or new ones. Whether in the trolley car, the restaurant or on the street, we must have the courage to speak up if

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we hear anybody say: 'Well, Switzerland will also lose out. Germany will eventually embrace all German-speaking territory, including Basel. It's the trend of the times.' For the fight against propaganda is the important thing and each one of us can help in his small way. As soon as we are able to discredit the defeatist propaganda in Switzerland, we shall have foiled the first phase of the 'method.' Our political police, which so far has shown courage only against Communists, must assist us and intervene when we point out the exponents of '*Anschluss*.' Prompt searches of their homes will prove that here among us there are more agents than we think. We shall, of course, know how to deal with the Communists, if they should attempt anything disagreeable.

The other danger, however, is so great that every Swiss citizen, if he is a true citizen, has an obligation to protect his country's interests. Our own tolerance must be limited, since we have intolerant neighbors across our borders. We have seen through the 'method.' We are less interested than we once were in friendly words from beyond the borders. We shall believe promises only if they are faithfully carried out. We have seen them broken too often.

III. The Nazification of Schleswig

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

ON FEBRUARY 10, South Jutland or North Schleswig, that part of Denmark bordering on Germany which was restored to Denmark after the War, celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of its day of reunion with the Motherland. All over the land meetings were held and speeches made, but the general tone, far from being one of pure joy, was tinged with sadness and apprehension. What, we may ask, was the reason?

Denmark still appears in the minds of outsiders, particularly perhaps of English people, as a sanctuary of peace, security and democracy. To a more intimate view, however, the idyllic nature of the picture tends to disappear. Nazi propaganda supported by Nazi money is loud and busy on both sides of the frontier. This fact, however, and its customary results are accepted almost as routine happenings by the Danish press (and therefore also abroad), until some major incident occurs which causes the limelight to be turned for a moment on activities which at other times are more or less hidden under the surface.

This was the case in January when an arms dump was discovered in the hands of the Nazi estate agent of a landed proprietor in North Jutland, the latter himself being an ardent member of the Danish National Socialist Party. The affair brought other interesting facts to light. No farm laborer could obtain work on this estate unless he could prove membership in the Danish Nazi Party. The inhabitants of the surrounding country are not a little alarmed at the influences which find their center in this estate.

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The owner, Herr Juul, once a lieutenant in the Army, quite openly trains his twenty farm hands as Storm Troopers on the German model and gives them daily drill in the courtyard of his manor. Hay forks and sticks are being used in place of rifles as up till now he has not dared to parade weapons in public. But the discovery of his private arsenal has aroused no particular surprise in North Jutland nor, indeed, anywhere else in Denmark. In the course of a recent law-suit, which arose out of libellous attacks on members of the Government, the defendant remarked with significant candor that it was only natural there should be secret arms depots in North Jutland in readiness for the prospective peasants' rising. So confident was this patriot of his cause that he did not hesitate to add that the ballot could no longer be considered a sufficient weapon, and that in the near future it might be well to be able to recall the faces of certain police agents—evidently a hint at the excellent memory displayed by the German Nazis in 1933.

A particularly alarming feature of the increasing German activity is the struggle to secure land on both sides of the frontier. There is, of course, a German minority north and a Danish minority south of the frontier. But while the Danes are satisfied with the frontier as it stands and try to avoid trouble, German frontier policy in Schleswig is pretty much the same as elsewhere. A twofold activity has marked the past six months: suppression of publications which represent the Danish point of view, in particular the Danish minority paper, the *Schleswiger*, published in German at Flensborg, the capital of Schleswig; secondly a systematic and brutal campaign for replacing Danish small-holders both south and north of the frontier by reliable Nazis. The following is an example—one among many—which illustrates the nature of this land-campaign.

In the village of Stollig on the Danish side, a German widow owned a farm. She got into difficulties and her farm was acquired in the course of a forced public sale by a young farmer with Danish sympathies. This caused an outburst of real fury in Nazi circles. A frenzied campaign against the new owner ensued. His window-panes were smashed, the walls of his house covered with libellous inscriptions, the water of the farm well was poisoned. A Danish court convicted some of the offenders and this provoked still more violent propaganda.

II

Meanwhile, everything is done to secure land from Danes living on the German side and to transfer it to German nationals. A certain estate-agent, Vogelgesang by name, has achieved notoriety by his successes in 'Germanizing' former Danish-owned land. It is easy enough for him to manipulate his Danish clients, who mostly are poor devils, whereas his own purse is well-lined. He is said to have invested millions in Danish-owned land through his firm, the *Kreditinstitut Vogelgesang*, which was established as early as 1926. A German pastor, when asked where all this money came from, blandly answered: 'From the German people.' The Copenhagen newspaper, *Socialdemokraten*, takes the view that Vogelgesang's funds are official or semi-official and

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mentions a certain Herr Rickmer who is known to have bought several big estates through this agency. Who is Herr Rickmer? He is said to be a German living in Switzerland and anxious to invest his money in landed property, in part through a firm of his own which bears a high-sounding French name. But in Denmark it is widely believed that he is a fictitious personage and his funds are simply Government funds.

For a long time it has not only been impossible for Danes to acquire new land on the German side (all sale of land to foreigners is illegal in Germany while Denmark is not protected by law against purchase of land by foreigners), but even to take over farms and other properties hitherto owned by Danes. Just at the time of the Stollig affair a Dane domiciled south of the frontier wished to cede his farm to a younger compatriot. This was refused by the German authorities, and a trustee, a *Treuhänder*, was appointed to look after his land. The owner is thus deprived of all control over his property, and even of the right to choose his own successor. And all the time the Nazis speak loudly of the 'freedom and justice' which prevail in Schleswig! The usual tactics are, of course, followed, by which the right hand does not know what the left is doing. In other words, the Government or the higher Party officials, when approached on these issues, will always be able to prove that they have nothing to do with them, and that the local Party Office, or some over-zealous subaltern, has acted on his own. The desired object, however, is always attained by the arbitrary orders of some underling. Of this the school question is a good example.

As early as 1934, the Danish minority schools had to record a serious loss of pupils owing to Nazi influence. Parents are subject to ever increasing and systematic propaganda, backed by actual pressure to withdraw their children from the minority schools. At Flensborg sixty-seven pupils of Danish schools have been registered for the German schools as the result of an announcement, 'local,' of course, which amounted to an ultimatum warning Danish parents that unless by the end of February their children's names were found on the German school register the family would be suspected of 'political unreliability' and would have to face the consequences.

It is the same game, though, of course, on a small scale, as was played in South Germany, with the parents who persisted in sending their children to denominational schools. Threats and promises alternate. The lower Party functionaries are employed to paint gloomy pictures of their children's future to those parents who will not give way to persuasion. These *Blockwarte* and *Zellenwarte* inform the parents that their boys and girls will find it impossible to get work of any description on leaving school; on the other hand, they are promised good places as apprentices if their parents will listen to reason. Then there are the allowances or 'social help,' which for families with numerous children can reach a maximum of 2,100 Marks annually. Fathers applying for it are told they cannot expect anything so long as their children attend the Danish school. In several cases officials accompanied the intimidated parents to the Town Hall in order to make sure that the children were

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actually registered for the German school.

But this is not all. A worker's wife is told that she cannot expect the allowance unless she ceases to be a member of the minority group; a young girl asking for a marriage-loan is instructed to give up her membership in Danish organizations. These are not exceptions, but typical examples of policy. The leader-writer of a Jutland newspaper voiced a very general anxiety when he put the question: 'Is it a systematic extermination of the Danish minority which we see in progress south of the frontier?'

IV. Helpless Netherlands

By M.

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

AUSTRIA'S sudden incorporation into the Third Reich was a violent shock to the Netherlands, Germany's 'Germanic' neighbor to the west. Premier Colijn's first action was to announce that the recently adopted defense law, which raises the term of service for infantry conscripts from 5½ to 11 months, would go into effect immediately and considerably in advance of the scheduled date. Moreover, the winter shift of conscripts, which was to have been dismissed in mid-March, was given orders to remain under the colors until November. It is still in training together with the summer shift, which reported on April 1st.

Characteristic of the negligence with which the problem of national defense had hitherto been regarded by the Dutch was the occurrence of a serious gap in the frontier defense twice every year. Infantry recruits were called up semi-annually to serve for 5½ months, and this meant that the winter shift was dismissed from its barracks before the summer shift arrived and vice versa. For several days in the spring and autumn there was no infantry at all, although the cavalry and artillery, which serve a longer term, were still in service. And for some time after reporting, of course, the recruits were completely raw.

What an ominous state of affairs! One is reminded of the saddest year in Dutch history, 1672, when the army of Louis XIV invaded the country. At that time the States General was concerned solely with naval warfare against England and had completely neglected to build up any defense on land. From that year originates the famous cry 'Netherlands in distress!'

Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland in 1935 was the first shock, but it was the Austrian catastrophe that finally awakened the Netherlands. Suddenly the Dutch discovered that they had been living on the brink of an abyss. Until recently, the average Dutchman used to say: 'Our own armament does not count. We cannot defend our country without outside assistance in any case!'

Austria's fate has shown clearly how little any one can rely on outside help, if no attempt at defense is made at home. Even if outside help were as sure as fate, it would arrive much too

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late to help, in view of the National Socialist 'surprise' technique, particularly if the attack were aimed at a totally unprepared country.

The Netherlands, of course, is no longer used to warfare. Next year the country will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its last armistice. One hundred years of peace! It can be readily understood how, during this long period, an idea should take root that the Dutch would never again be involved in war. This belief, at any rate, coincided with the country's desires. During the World War the Netherlands succeeded—although at the cost of mobilization—in maintaining its neutrality. After the War, the League of Nations and disarmament promises and conferences seemed to guarantee the safety for this small nation.

A cruel awakening is the result. The Netherlands, which is unusually wealthy compared with Germany, has continued, despite the crisis, to export high-class agrarian products. It possesses good harbors on the North Sea coast and controls the mouths of the Rhine. Last, but not least, it owns in the Dutch East Indies the most profitable colonies. Because of its wealth and strategic position, the Netherlands must of necessity represent a much stronger attraction for the Nazi appetite than Austria, a poor mountain and inland country. It is true that the North Sea coast is the main reason why the Dutch can count on England's protection against their greedy neighbor; but how can this protection arrive in time if Hitler should decide on a *coup* at their expense?

There would be no lack of excuses. Hitler may claim the Dutch as 'racial comrades;' he may even refer to the Netherlands' adherence to the Holy Roman Empire until 1648; and finally he has already set up a National Socialist Party in the Netherlands which will most likely feel 'oppressed' at the critical moment, if it does not prefer to follow Seyss-Inquart's example and ask for German troops. The thought that Czechoslovakia may be swallowed first, before the turn comes for the Dutch, is scant comfort.

It should be realized that despite the new defense law, by which the term of military service is doubled and the annual conscription figure increased from 20,000 to 32,000, Holland will be nothing but a lamb fighting a lion, should she be attacked by the Third Reich. The cry of 'Netherlands in distress!' may be sounded again if the peaceful European nations do not devise some means of collective defense against the aggressor before it is too late.

Warning

In consequence of the fortifications along the Eastern frontier of Belgium, Germany will be compelled, in case of war against France, to make a dash across Dutch territory. — Handbook of Contemporary Military Science prepared by the German General Staff, with Preface by Marshal von Blomberg.

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Can Britain build a dam strong enough to halt the flood of German conquest?

How *to* Stop Hitler?

By LIONEL M. GELBER

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

INSIDE Europe a free hand for herself, outside Europe a free hand for Great Britain—this, in sum, is Germany's vision, a clue perhaps not only to what is in the front of her mind but to what may also be at the back of her policy. Now, in a world progressively shorn of collective safeguards, British, as well as German, calculations must at bottom be founded on elements of individual and associated power. For nothing less is at stake than the European balance. It is no easy task to turn down Germany on disputed grounds of national honor or international morality alone. There is a deeprooted feeling in Great Britain that because of the way she was handled after 1918 she must be treated with indulgence now—that however reprehensible her conduct at home and abroad, amends have yet to be made to her.

No doubt this argument flies to an extreme when it condones the sinister error, so fatal alike to European order and the British Commonwealth, that race, nationality and the State must be coextensive; when, as though neither Masaryk nor Beneš, Dolfuss nor Schuschnigg had ever existed, it invokes exclusively in Germany's favor the blessed name of self-determination; and when, so irrational are the emotions aroused, the odd spectacle is furnished of Wilsonian idealism harnessed to the rule of the strong. But what has yet to be explained is why, if it be true that the *status quo* in Europe shackles unjustly a people so virile and so dynamic as the Germans, this complaint should not be applied more often to the Far East, where the Japanese are demonstrating how such notions work in practice.

The problem is not new. From the days of the Tudors to those of Louis XIV, from Bonaparte to the Emperor Wilhelm II, it has been a cardinal maxim of British policy to insist upon the free passage of the Narrow Seas, to keep the Low Countries out of hostile hands and to oppose the domination of Europe by any single

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aggressive Power or group of Powers. During the Victorian era her matchless naval strength and unchallengeable industrial supremacy gave Great Britain a measure of detachment from Continental dissensions and the age-old struggle between Gaul, Teuton and Slav; to the very last, Salisbury harbored what Joseph Chamberlain perceived was already obsolete—the luxury conception of Britain's rôle as the Mediator. In the twentieth century the issue was faced squarely first by Lansdowne and then by Grey; the military superiority of Germany disturbed them before her naval aspirations widened the gulf irrevocably. Then came 1914–18, the invasion of Belgium and France, Europe in flames, the grim fulfillment of everything Lansdowne and Grey had feared and foreseen. The lesson of those years has not been forgotten. In 1936, when Germany violated the Locarno Treaty, Great Britain extended to Belgium and France military guarantees: exact commitments which the pre-War Entente did not possess and clear testimony to her dependence in the present as in the past on the European equilibrium.

II

But does it suffice merely to be content with what Lord Baldwin has called our frontier on the Rhine? Is it not an illusion to think that Great Britain can withdraw securely behind Anglo-French ramparts while Germany imposes her ruthless will everywhere else in Europe? Beneath the attempt to induce France to drop all her Eastern commitments—which might indirectly involve Great Britain in war across the Rhine—lies the conviction that as recompense for their Western immunity the Franco-British Entente should encourage or at least assent to German ascendancy in Bohemia, Austria and beyond. Divided counsels in Great Britain are worth an army corps to Germany, and this theory has strong backing.

What its adoption must entail is plain enough. Temporarily removing one peril, it would create another even more deadly. Accorded a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe—and that is what the new arrangement with Austria may well mean—Germany could build a power so immense and so irresistible that the West, in turn, will be entirely at her mercy. The brilliant sweep of her conquests and arms from 1866 to 1918, her key position at the heart of the continent, her interior lines of communication, her genius for organization, her national character and mentality—none of these can be left out of account. And if Sadowa preceded Sedan, the interval between them was short.

Of the two barriers on Germany's south-eastward path, one has already been broken down. Czechoslovakia is now encircled. Deserted by the disaffected section of the Sudeten minority, it is questionable how much longer she can maintain her political independence. *Realpolitik* must turn friendships no less than enmities to account, and the main key to the gates of Vienna and perhaps even those of Prague reposed in Rome. Mussolini's grip is visibly relaxing. Encouraged by Germany, Italy has given such large hostages to fortune, is so impoverished by her Ethiopian and Spanish adventures, so entangled outside Central Europe with France and Great Britain, that the Italo-German agreement of 1936 about Austria has been shown

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to be somewhat of a broken reed. The famous Axis is no longer an Italian weapon but a German bar behind which is confined the prisoner of Rome.

III

More almost than anything else what must influence the European balance for good or ill are the relations of Moscow with the Western capitals. The fiction that between the ideologies of Right and Left there can be no middle way has been an undeniable asset to Hitlerian diplomacy; shielded by the anti-Communist crusade Germany has obtained latitude to pursue traditional and purely national designs of European power that would have been incredible before 1914. Yet in determining the British attitude toward Berlin and Moscow alike, the governing factor can no longer be political theory or moral judgment, but the map of Europe; geography has decreed, and history teaches, that the rise of an ambitious, eruptive Power nearby is an immeasurably greater hazard to the British Isles than the machinations of one that is both more self-contained and more remote. By every dispassionate calculation of power-politics, if Russia and the Anglo-French Entente have similar interests in Central and Eastern Europe, they may, in a spirit not of mutual esteem but of common exigency, be expected to stand together. What Moscow no less than London must decide is whether, granting that they possess such interests, they are disposed again to collaborate to defend them.

Russia's pacts of non-aggression, her entry into the League of Nations and her treaties of mutual assistance with France and Czechoslovakia were a natural response to the demagogic rattle of Hitler's saber. Some English champions of the new *Drang nach Osten* have regarded the Russo-German tension as not altogether unfortunate: if the Soviet and the Third Reich were embroiled against each other, the rest of Europe might breathe more freely. But the plain fact is that before Germany can make inroads into Southern Russia or annex the Ukraine, the whole of Central and Eastern Europe must come into her grasp; and if that should happen, then the German shadow would lie as heavily over the West as over the East.

And what if Russia herself suffers a change of heart? Noting sardonically the triumphs of Italo-German diplomacy in the Ethiopian, Locarno and Spanish controversies, she may wonder whether she will not be left by the Western Powers with most of the burden of stemming the eastward Nazi tide, and whether—the remilitarization of the Rhineland being here a critical point—without them she can or should bear such a burden. She may even wonder whether antagonism toward Hitler is really worth her while. And should Russia, skeptical of the value of further coöperation with Great Britain and France, conclude that her best line of defense is, after all, her own frontier, would not the German task be enormously simplified?

Where bluster fails smoother accents may succeed. Divested of its ideological trappings, Hitler's truculent effort to expel Russia from the councils of Europe is an endeavor to isolate her so as to hamstring collective security, impair the French system, weaken

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Czechoslovakia and set in train that mastery of the Danubian basin which must be the foundation of his continental power. But may not events in the Far East slowly evoke a drastic revision of policy? So long as there was a prospect of simultaneous Japanese pressure on Asiatic Russia, some Nazis could toy with grandiose projects of taking in their stride the outer fringes of the Soviet Union along with the smaller Eastern States, although British neutrality and the use of Polish soil for the German legions might also have been essential. But to these plans does not Japan's large-scale war in China constitute a rebuff as shattering as it was unexpected? For the more her blood and treasure are poured out below the Great Wall, the lower must sink her stock in any well-timed anti-Russian enterprise.

IV

Thus Russia, despite the execution of Tukhachevski and his colleagues, despite the loss of her most talented military leaders—and the closer unity of the high command with the régime may in itself be adequate compensation—is much more secure than she was a year ago; the threat of a joint German-Japanese onslaught is correspondingly less real. For the moment, China's anguish is to some extent the price of Europe's peace. But must Germany forswear her cherished aims altogether because Japan has embarked on war in the cause of Japanese rather than German expansion? If military understanding with Tokyo is ruled out as impracticable, would not a political understanding with Moscow serve her more limited purposes better?

The Reichswehr, at least, may think so and it still has a great part to play. Certainly a Russo-German agreement would enable it to deal with Poland as it originally intended, or, with less danger of paralyzing interference, to turn at once south-eastward before Russian soil is even touched. The Reichswehr has always looked with favor on the Rapallo policy, and the treaty which Germany first signed with Russia in 1922 was not only renewed in 1933 by Hitler himself but, in spite of the subsequent anti-Soviet campaign, has never been denounced. The Reichswehr and the Red Army have a long record of fellowship, while German capitalists might again desire the opportunities they previously enjoyed in developing Soviet industry. The wire to the Kremlin has never been irreparably cut and Hitler may undertake to gain his ends at Moscow.

Neither for Russia nor for the Third Reich would that mean a more startling metamorphosis in foreign policy than others they have undergone; before Hitler concluded his pact with Pilsudski the relations of Germany with Poland seemed as irremediably bad as they now do with Russia. Since Bismark's day Germany has been steadily strengthening the chain of her own 'encirclement;' if she jettisons her policy of isolating Russia she may break a link which she forged against herself. With Japan engrossed more than ever in China and with Italy's gaze fixed overseas, it is the Western Powers rather than Moscow who have most to yield to the so-called Counter-League of Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. In China and Central Europe alike the ultimate political and economic interests of Germany

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are not those of her present associates.

What British opinion must appreciate is that Russia dwells under no inescapable obligation to support the European balance. Even now it is not improbable that her reawakening nationalism, with an eye to the enemies by whom she is encompassed, can in some degree be traced to disappointment at the poor fruits of collaboration with Western internationalism. And if Hitler provoked the emergence of Soviet diplomacy from its comparative seclusion he can also purchase its retirement.

In these circumstances the British objective should be clear. The European equipoise, if it is to be maintained at all, must be steady at both ends. It is the policy of the British Government to circumvent ideological groupings, to work irrespective of internal régimes with every Power which is bent upon peace; and what is sauce for the German goose is sauce for the Russian gander. For by repudiating the League of Nations, the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo triangle has created exactly what Great Britain was trying to prevent. Between Russia and the West, however, so long as she is represented at Geneva, the machinery for coöperation remains. The Soviets may still prefer to avoid dependence on German good will, and it would be a blunder of the first magnitude if Anglo-French diplomacy allowed that preference to wither in exasperation and despair. To emasculate the Covenant so that Russia, as well as the smaller Eastern States, can no longer rely on any form of collective security may push them one by one into Hitler's arms; and if the Soviet pacts with France and Czechoslovakia were deprived of all substance the process would only be accelerated. Just as Grey and his contemporaries, beset with the overweening pretensions of Germany, could not afford to perpetuate Anglo-Russian misunderstanding, so neither can the British Government today.

There is no question of a fastidious choice between rival creeds or of deciding whether or not the Soviet tyranny outstrips the worst iniquities of the Tsardom. In every way save one Great Britain and Germany had more in common before the War than Great Britain and Russia; in every way save one the same may even be true again. But that one exception was and is crucial. The disappearance from European politics of the Russian counterpoise would mean that the Third Reich had achieved a goal for which Imperial Germany strove in vain. Unless the balance of power has lost its importance for Great Britain, unless geography is a snare and history a delusion, it is now the business of British statesmanship to do what it can to prevent so dire a setback.

V

Ironic as it may now appear, the fact is that on the European continent Great Britain and Italy are natural allies. Signor Mussolini must know perfectly well that his vigil on the Brenner is an Anglo-French interest which cannot endure if his régime crumbles and chaos ensues; the British, on the other hand, knowing equally well that he dare not forfeit Italy's European position, refuse to pay him for what is, after all, his primary duty to his own country. It is a trial of strength, and one in which, if

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unduly prolonged, neither of the contestants but Hitler will be the winner. A fillip to his prestige, concrete advantages to embody it—these are Mussolini's immediate requirements. An early settlement must be extracted from Great Britain and France if he is not soon to find himself in complete vassalage to Berlin with scarcely equivalent gains elsewhere.

Following a Franco-British deal with Italy, what becomes of the Covenant, the rule of law, the decencies of international life? Perhaps it is no mere question of letting justice be done, though the Mediterranean heavens fall. For Geneva to insist unavailingly upon the restoration of one primitive African State may be to fail, while yet there is time, to preserve the freedom of peoples in Europe itself. Will conscience be salved and the decencies of international life upheld —will the Covenant and the rule of law be in a healthier condition—when most of Central and Eastern Europe is converted into a German province? Even from an ideological point of view it must be accounted but a feeble victory for democracy if Fascism gives way simply to enhance Nazi predominance. Here is no clean-cut decision between right and wrong but a choice of the lesser evil.

There are those who distinguish between a British policy founded on the Covenant and one guided by the principle of the balance of power. Whether or not the contrast was once valid, it is in the circumstances of today a false antithesis, a total misconception of the necessities of the case. Only by maintaining the balance of power can Great Britain and France support a European order in which the ideals of the League may somehow linger and in some happier hour flourish again. If the equilibrium is demolished, the League is irretrievably lost and much else besides.

IV

Conducted with prudence and skill, British diplomacy may yet steer mankind away from disaster. Ceaselessly and impressively the mounting armaments and deepening friendships of Great Britain are repairing her damaged authority. Despite the high-flown insolence of Japan in the Far East, matters nearer home come first. Nor are further continental commitments, of which public opinion might not approve, wholly indispensable. In the present situation uncertainty about British intentions may serve as a deterrent to German expansion only less effective than formal but impracticable iron-clad guarantees. There are circumstances in which imprecision is the bane of international negotiation; there can be circumstances in which it may prove a tower of strength.

The mere fact that Hitler has always sought an understanding with Great Britain, of which the premise would be that she disinterest herself in Central and Eastern Europe, shows that unless he gets it he is afraid to move. So long as Great Britain withholds her consent to a free hand, there will be a haunting dread at Berlin that she may ultimately intervene. And if Germany remembers the kind of mistake about Great Britain that was made in 1914, the indefinite, the unpredictable nature of the British attitude in an emergency should keep alive in German calculations a saving anxiety not to repeat it.

Herr Hitler may, of course, take a

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chance on the British love of peace. The danger will be intensified if important sections of the public mind in Great Britain, by finding excuses for him in advance, incite him, as they often do, to some reckless action; if, too, at critical junctures, British Ministers hamper their own diplomatic influence by saying gratuitously that they will not run the risk of war. It may be so, but why say it? A studied vagueness which will keep Hitler guessing cannot add to the perils confronting Central and Eastern Europe; it might, the potential threat of British participation being what it is, hold them at bay. The special Entente problem of July–August, 1914, will not again arise—not, at any rate, in the same form; the Anglo-French military guarantees of 1936–37 are explicit and comprehensive. But the people and Parliament of Great Britain still retain the liberty to decide on the merits of each case elsewhere in Europe as it occurs. To barter away that liberty might bring about the very tragedy which British policy must strive with all its power to avert.

Nor will the growth of English-speaking solidarity—sympathy with Great Britain in the Dominions and the United States alike—have a negligible effect on the chancelleries of Europe. Experience, indeed, should warn Berlin that here, too, is another unknown quantity with which it would be foolhardy not to reckon. For much that has happened since the Treaty of Versailles, Great Britain and the United States are apt to blame each other; in any great crisis, what draws them closer is a view of human society which transcends every difference, however pronounced, of outlook, geography and tradition. And Great Britain must make the most of this fact even though, in the absence of continuous collaboration such as is feasible with France, British policy may of necessity resort to disillusioning compromises.

Properly understood, it is a vital interest of the United States, as of the British Commonwealth as a whole, that Great Britain shall be able to maintain the European equilibrium, for with it is bound up not only her own security and independence but the distribution of power all the world over. At a time of profound disquiet it is a heartening sign of their faith and temper that in free countries on both sides of the Atlantic so many voices should clamor for a common front dedicated to the defense of democracy; a program which contemplates improved relations with the Russian and Italian dictatorships, if not utterly repugnant, must assuredly exercise less popular appeal. To buttress the continental balance may nonetheless be the sole means of upholding an international order in which the democratic institutions of both Western Europe and the New World can safely survive to await the dawn of a better day. What the morrow will bring no man can tell; but if the unity of the English-speaking peoples stands unshaken and infuses into the diplomacy of peace those reserves of strength which are as vast as they are undefined, the politics of war may yet be overruled.

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Higher wages are bringing modest luxuries and social changes to the U.S.S.R.

Russia Learns Manners

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Manchester Liberal Daily

IN RUSSIA today the slogan 'Enrich yourselves' is as dead as some of the New Economic Plan men who practiced it. They no longer throng the Metropol Hotel chaffering and bargaining; their wives' jewels have long been confiscated and the gambling places of the Tverskaya closed. Their successors are those who have profited from the new Socialist slogan: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his work.'

The consequence of this slogan is that, although it is still true to say that in the U.S.S.R. there is no class distinction, in the sense that one class exploits another economically, the life of those who earn more is distinguished from those who earn less by their difference in purchasing power. The black-handed worker is not exploited by the Stakhanovite, and there is no social difference in their relations. There is no hint of the disdain, snobbery, charity, call it what you like, which characterizes the relation of the 'upper classes' to the 'lower classes,' or the relation of the £6-a-week clerk to the £3-a-week worker, for example, in capitalist countries. But difference in purchasing power means difference in standards of life, and this in turn produces differences in habits and manners.

Society in Russia, through being classless, has not become, therefore, uniform in habit and behavior. Society can be judged by its heroes. The hero of the first Five-Year Plan was the brawny, collarless *rabotchi*, the worker with the hammer. The hero of the third Five-Year Plan is the Stakhanovite, the worker with the collar and tie, a flat with a bath and a phonograph, luxuries which he has obtained by personal excellence in production. The hero of the first Five-Year Plan invited emulation in common effort; the hero of the third Five-Year Plan invites emulation like the hero of a success story. Whenever there is a difference in the earnings of individuals which raises their purchasing power above the average, there you

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get luxury. In the U.S.S.R., the slogan 'From each according to his ability,' as revised by Stalin, has given access to luxury, or extra benefits, to large numbers of people. This in turn has determined their social behavior and in a number of ways differentiated the lives of the wage earners.

Trotski has attacked the 'functionary caste' in the U.S.S.R., whose devotion to Stalin he attributes to its economic interest. The party secretary, the trust director, the factory manager will not, he says, readily antagonize the man whose system guarantees their jobs. The weakness of Trotski's thesis is that there is no functionary caste in the U.S.S.R. There are functionaries, of course. But the functionary is at least as dependent on those for whom he functions as he is on those who appoint him to function.

There is no caste of bureaucrats in the U.S.S.R., none of the *Bonzentum* which characterized the Weimar Republic (and the Third Reich, for that matter). The life of the Soviet functionary is not a happy one as far as security is concerned. He receives the criticism of his official superiors and of those who work under him. And in order to hold his job he has to justify himself daily, above and below. The frequent adjustment, transfer, degradation and promotion of Soviet officials is not a sign of political discontent or economic disorganization. It is the working of criticism by means of complaint, information and objection against those functionaries who are disapproved.

On the credit side, the functionaries, who are the organizers and technicians of the Soviet Union, are among the best-paid citizens of the Union. It is they who cram the restaurants and wear 1,000-rouble shoes, who buy their wives 1,000-rouble hats, and who have *dachas*, or summer houses. They have developed new forms of courtesy and revived the old ones which a few years ago were unknown, forgotten, or discredited.

II

If you are introduced to a worker in the Soviet Union, he will grin or perhaps shake your hand. The functionary bows in the best bourgeois manner. If he dances with a lady he will end the dance by kissing her hand. He may not look askance at you if you take sugar with your fingers, but he will be careful to take his with a spoon. His wife has probably a domestic helper (who works trade union hours) to look after the children instead of sending them to the factory *crêche*. It is possible that his wife works, but there is a growing tendency for the wives of the well-paid not to work.

Clothes and cosmetics have a greater importance than hitherto. Western European clothes and cosmetics are ardently imitated, particularly in the cities. The *Parikmakherskaya*, the beauty parlor, now plays an important rôle in the life of the wives of the well-paid. This is not to suggest that there is anything approaching either in size or quality the enormous parasitic class of wives and daughters in capitalist countries who spend their days in beautifying themselves or playing bridge. But the tendency is undoubtedly similar. Where there is leisure for luxury you soon find self-beautification an important method of disposing of money and time.

A few months ago the sale of

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alcohol was forbidden in workers' clubs in order to arrest the trend toward excessive drinking. Drunkenness is a luxury which one can ill afford when there is work to be done and which has always been frowned on by the Party. But leisure and money for luxury! What is there more natural than that the consumption of drink should increase?

One should not visualize a debauched and drunken bureaucracy, drinking hard to get rid of thousands of roubles. There is no suggestion of anything like it. The drunkards like Yagoda have been 'purged.' But after Stalin declared the Soviet Union a merry place, the consumption of alcohol increased, and the increase was most noticeable among functionaries rather than among the workers who had been propagandized against alcohol, and against vodka in particular, and who could not afford wines.

The bourgeois formalization of manners among officials characterizes the upper ranks of the Red Army too. The *Polkovniki*, the colonels, and commandants perambulate the theater foyers with the same pompous solemnity as any dress-circle crowd in London. Their wives look at each other's frocks critically, and in the bar they chitter-chatter in polite tones.

It is natural that there should be a groping for the formalization of manners in the U.S.S.R. The question is: Which tradition should be adopted? There has been no official answer to the question. Manners are often imitative of those introduced by foreigners; often of the middle-class manners of Tsarist times, stripped of their flunkeydom.

The masses of the people have no formalized social behavior. Their traditional courtesies were in the towns a low bow to their masters; in the country a low bow to their landlords and a kiss to the priest. Such courtesies are now misplaced. Domestic social habits are conditioned by the rate of advance in civilization. The introduction of knives and forks into parts of the U.S.S.R. where they were formerly unknown has made the use of knife and fork a social grace. Those who have quickest access to the implements of Western civilization are those whose manners correspond most closely to those of Kensington.

The officials with their Western European manners are not a caste apart. The interplay of worker-manager-official is too complicated for there to be any exclusive line of demarcation. A worker may be a party official today, tomorrow a factory manager; next year he may be relegated to unskilled work. The manners of those who in their functionary eminence seem remote from the masses are, therefore, gradually seeping downward to wide strata of workers who, because of increasing leisure and higher wages, are receptive to more formalized manners.

Is there anything hostile to Socialism in the new forms of behavior? I think not. As long as behavior does not coincide with a class interest, its formalization is not pernicious in itself. On the contrary, the conception of the masses of the U.S.S.R. behaving according to forms which make behavior more predictable and comfortable for each other is an attractive one which, though the forms may be traditional or borrowed, is still in keeping with the doctrine of Soviet society as a new mass-culture.

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One morning in an English Bishop's Palace; an incident late in the afternoon at a remote Philippine *barrio*.

Two Stories

I. For Conscience' Sake

By Laurence Housman

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE Bishop made a beautiful figure at the breakfast table. He wore a mauve cassock of watered silk and a pectoral cross, and looked well in them; but though it was the duty of a bishop to look the part he has to play in the Established Church, and, so far as he might without disloyalty to the thirty-nine articles, give visual satisfaction to those who hankered after the spiritual fleshpots of Rome (in which direction watered silk and pectoral crosses can do quite a lot), that was not the only or the main motive for his appearing at breakfast so clad, with only his wife to admire. The wearing of the cassock saved time and trouble. A bishop's apron takes some while to adjust, and the cassock enabled him to do without it. So for breakfast and a morning spent with his secretary and various callers from all round the diocese a cassock was the wear, and the apron came later.

Just occasionally the pectoral cross required attention. The Bishop liked his eggs soft, and when, after a lolloping mouthful, he saw his wife wagging a distressed finger at him, and heard her say: 'Your cross, my dear,' he knew what she meant. Then with his table napkin he would remove from the sacred symbol the gobbet of sloppy gold which had fallen on it, and lifting it reverently to his lips, would bestow on it a kiss of apology. To some this may seem a piece of over-punctiliousness, but it gave great satisfaction to the mind of the Bishop, whose care it was during the minutiae of his daily routine to remember what the cross stood for and his official relation to it; to keep it unspotted from the world, even from yolk of egg, was the great thing.

On this particular morning, which was a Friday, the Bishop was eating his toast with margarine, instead of

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butter. That was a denial of the flesh which he always practiced on that day in memory of the pains of his Redeemer; also throughout Lent. It did him good; he started the day well with it.

He was now opening that part of his correspondence of which his secretary had made an early delivery. And as he opened and scanned the first, he exclaimed to his wife in a delicately hurt tone: 'Really, this is too much! Here I get an advertisement of wines, including champagne, marked "Private, personal and urgent," and this when my temperance principles are known to everyone. I call it a gross impertinence.'

'Perhaps,' said his wife, 'it is a practical joke. There are people whom such things amuse.'

'There are,' replied the Bishop. 'Yes, I think you are right. "Take a little wine for your stomach's sake" has, I see, been written across the first page.The usual jibe, though everyone knows that it was only non-alcoholic wine which St. Paul was recommending; and anyway it was only medicinal.'

He continued opening his letters. 'Now this is a serious matter; yes, I shall have to do something about it. The Secretary of State for War writes to me that he is failing to get recruits for the Army, owing to the growth of the so-called Peace Movement—that pacificism is endangering the safety of the Empire. He asks if it cannot be pronounced heretical. He wants the Bishops to act as a body and say that it must be put down, that the whole thing is un-Christian. No, I do not think a conference of the Bishops would be quite safe. There would not be unanimity; there is Birmingham, with his passion for being in a minority of one, and possibly two others. Individually, yes, something strong ought to be said about it. These extreme pacifists are hastening us into war, the very thing we want to avoid, or at any rate postpone.'

'Postpone?' said his wife. 'Don't you want to abolish it?'

'Undoubtedly; I have no doubt that in another thousand years it will be abolished. But we must not be in a hurry about it. Hurry will do no good; and that is what these pacifists do not see. They are a pestilent lot.'

'Some of them are quite good, well-meaning people, I believe,' said his wife.

'I do not doubt it for a moment,' said the Bishop.

'They are trying their best to be Christians.'

'We all do that, I hope.'

She wagged her finger at him. 'Your cross, my dear.'

'Ah, yes, thank you.' He did what was necessary. Then, having finished his breakfast, he continued to open his correspondence. Presently she saw his brow pucker. 'Now this,' he said, 'puts me rather in a difficulty. I do not quite know what I ought to do. I have never done it before.'

'Done what?'

'They are going to launch the first of a new type of armed cruiser, the *Cormorant*, it is called; and being a new type, it is considered an important event. Royalty is coming to do it. I am asked to be there officially to say the commendatory prayer.'

'Have you any objection?' inquired his wife, a little puzzled.

'No, no, none at all! Of course not. Except for one thing. For the naming at the moment of launching, cham-

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pagne is used. I do not know whether I ought to countenance that.'

'Champagne?'

'Yes, a bottle of champagne is broken against the ship as it is launched—a form of christening: and I believe that just as that is done, or just before, I shall have to say "In the name of the Father," etc. To say *that* over a bottle of champagne puts me in a difficulty.'

'Why not ask for ginger-beer?' suggested his wife.

'Ginger-beer is hardly dignified enough, I am afraid,' said the Bishop.

'Nobody need know.'

'No; but I can hardly demean myself by asking for ginger-beer as a substitute. Sparkling Apollinaris would sound better. It must, of course, be a sparkling beverage, because it has to burst, otherwise people would find out. Put it into a champagne-bottle if they like.'

'But in that case,' said his wife, 'everybody will think it *is* champagne, which is the very thing you object to.'

'But that need not concern me,' said the Bishop. 'I mustn't mind being thought ill of, if I have done the right thing. Yes, I think I must make sparkling Apollinaris a condition.'

He did so, and, with his conscience thus purged, he gave the necessary benediction to the *Cormorant*, as by the hand of Royalty and with the blessing of Holy Mother Church, she went forth on her career of death and destruction, 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

II. Old Agustin's Rebellion

By Beato A. de la Cruz

From the *Philippine Magazine*, Independent English-Language Monthly

ONE day a gaunt, slouching figure appeared in our doorway. 'Are you the Senyor Maestro?' he inquired.

'Yes,' I said. 'Come in. Take a seat.'

He came in and placed by the door his gift, a buri bag filled to the rim with ubi roots and mountain rice. Then he hung the iron cane he was carrying on a nail.

I said, 'What is that big iron cane for?'

'For the dogs,' he said.

'Is it not for men too?' I inquired of him.

'When the situation calls for it, I would not hesitate to use it against them.'

'Are you looking for Mr. Sombilon?' I said.

'No,' he replied. 'I met him in the *barrio* market this morning.' After that my visitor became silent I picked up the magazine I was reading but laid it aside when I noticed that the sober stranger was looking at me and smiling wryly all the time.

'Where have you come from?' I asked.

'From Napatag.'

'How far is that from here?'

'If you start from Napatag before the sun rises, you will arrive in this *barrio* about noon.'

'Oh,' I said, 'it must be quite far.'

'Yes, and the narrow trail goes up

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and down and winds about several steep slopes. A pregnant woman making the journey could not hope to reach this *barrio* until dusk, even if she started from Napatag before daybreak.'

'Doesn't it tire you walking so far?'

'If you are used to it, you don't feel it. Every week or so I go down to the *Municipio* in Makato and talk to the *Concejal* about Napatag. That is why the *Presidente Municipal* of Makato says, "Agustin Batoy is an educated man." But I was never in school. I only attend the meetings of the *tenientes del barrio* and *concejales* once every two weeks. That is why I am hoping my boy, Maximo, will study harder and be a good *teniente* when he is old like me.'

'How many children have you?'

'I have seven, Maestro.'

'Is Maximo your eldest?' I inquired. The boy is one of my pupils.

'No. My eldest is as tall as you are, but he is stouter. He helps me plant the yams and clear the mountain farm. He hoes the hillsides every day. But he is married now, Maestro. Are you married too?'

'No, I am still single. But when was your eldest son born?'

'I cannot remember the year. I can only say that he has paid the *cedula* tax three times now. He paid the first time when he married. But he looks older than you do; perhaps because he is married.'

'Perhaps,' I repeated. 'Was your eldest son born during or before the World War?'

'Which World War? The *guerra* in the *barrio* of Vivo? The war between the *insurrectos* and the *cazadores* who came from Kalibo? I was a young man and not yet married.'

'No, I mean the war in Europe,' I said.

'I do not know about that, Maestro. I have not heard about Europe or its war. I can only say that my eldest son was born when copra was selling at thirty-two a kilo in this town.'

II

Here, I thought, is a man who saw nothing but peace around him while the whole world rocked. Here is a man content in his ignorance with his solitary mountain home. I was interested in him more than ever. So I said, 'How large is Napatag?'

'Oh, it is much smaller than Naile,' he said.

'Are the people law-abiding or troublesome?' I asked, for I vaguely remembered hearing a report that they were 'rebels.'

'They are law-abiding, Maestro. But they will fight when attacked.'

'Why is that *barrio* named Napatag?' I asked again. 'Is it on a level plain, a *patag?*'

'Not exactly, but many years ago, after I married a woman from Nipga, I settled far to the south of that *barrio*. I built my home near a stream, at the foot of some wooded hills. I selected the spot because the soil there was fertile and just right for mountain rice and yams. I began to clean the place. I felled the trees around the spot and built a small cogon hut.

'With the help of my wife, we planted the cleared hillsides with yams, ubi, ginger, gabi, arrowroot, cassava, and, during the rainy months, mountain rice. We were kept busy in our small clearing during the rainy season, but when work in the field was not pressing, I worked on the house,

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which was fourteen arm-lengths wide, twenty arm-lengths long. I went to the forest often to gather thick tree-bark for the walls. The posts were of the best timber I could find on that side of the hill.

'When the first dry season came, my wife invited some of her cousins from Nipga to help us harvest the crops because we could not harvest them by ourselves. Along with my wife's cousins, other men and women from Nipga, Vivo and Alovera came to help us. They were surprised to find such a place in that part of the hills, and after the harvest, they decided to stay with us. They built little huts of cogon along the mountain stream beside our house. The clearing then grew bigger and bigger until it reached the slopes of the hills on the other side.

'Before the beginning of the next rainy season, the little settlement around our home had grown into a busy farming community. All of us were glad and happy. We had our merrymakings in the evenings during the first harvest. The people had learned to work together. Under my direction we constructed a crude dam of mud and sticks, so that we could water the lower parts of the clearing during the dry season.

III

'One day two men from Nipga came to me and said, "Agustin Batoy, the *Teniente del Barrio* of Nipga orders you and your men in this clearing to build your homes in Nipga before the end of the rainy season, for if you do not, all the people in Nipga will leave and settle here because the land is very fertile. If you refuse, the *Teniente* will be forced to report your disobedience to the *Presidente Municipal*. Then the *Presidente* will send armed constables to force you to leave this wild place. What do you say that we may tell the *Teniente*?"

'I said, "I cannot leave my yams and ubi and mountain rice. My wife will starve and my children will die without my yams. Tell the *Teniente* that Agustin Batoy will not leave his clearing."

'"But your place here belongs to Nipga, hence you must follow the orders of the *Teniente* of that *barrio*," the men insisted. "If you do not leave this place, you will be against the *gobierno*."

'"I am not against the *gobierno*," I told them. "I always go to the *municipio* every market day and hear the *concejales* during the council sessions. I am breaking no law. Your law is my law. My wife and I were married in the town *simbahan*. All my children were baptized by the town priest. Don Manuel, who was once a *Diputado*, is my *compadre*. He is the godfather of Maximo, my son. So why should they send constables to force me out of my own? Tell the *Teniente* of Nipga that I will never leave my home here. I have not done anything against the *gobierno*, and the *gobierno* will not harm honest people, I know."

'But the men from Nipga said, "But the *Teniente* orders you to join the rest of the people in the *barrio*. He said that it is against the law to live and settle in groups outside of the *barrio*."

'I told those men: "Agustin Batoy knows no *Teniente* who will try to force him to leave his small yam patch. I am not against any one, hence I fear no one. I pay my *cedula* promptly every year. We are never delinquent

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in paying our taxes, and were never called to appear before the *justicia*. I live peacefully on my farm. And I am not going to leave this place and hunger in Nipga."

IV

'A month later, the *Presidente Municipal* came with the *Concejal*, an *escribiente*, the *Teniente del Barrio* of Nipga and three policemen. The policemen had enormous cudgels. They had revolvers, too, buckled to their belts. They came about noon. They knew my house because the *Teniente* pointed it out to them.

'The *Presidente Municipal* said, "Agustin Batoy, the *Teniente* of Nipga has reported that you do not follow orders from him."

'"Senyor," I said, "I follow orders if they are right and reasonable."

'"Then why did you not follow the orders of the *Teniente* of Nipga?" the *Presidente* asked.

'"Senyor," I replied, "I cannot follow his orders because I cannot leave my yams and mountain rice here. Nipga is very far and I could not come here from Nipga and work all day, and at the same time take care of my children and wife there. Our crops here in the hills, our only means of livelihood, will be stolen while we hunger in Nipga. Besides, these men with me here will not go away from this place. They have said, 'We can raise many yams here, while in Nipga we can raise only a bare third as much. And the landowners in town get the best of what we raise.' They have also said, 'We shall stay even if you do not stay with us, Agustin.' That is another reason why I do not like to leave this place."

'After a few minutes, the *Presidente* said, "How many houses are there here, Agustin?"

'"Not less than forty, Senyor."

'"How many people are living with you in this clearing?"

'"Not less than eighty, Senyor."

'"Would you summon all of them to your house?"

'"Yes, Senyor." And I unhooked a huge wooden stick from the nail on the post and beat the *bagtoe*, the bamboo-drum, hanging from the eaves by the window. The hills resounded to the dull thud.

'By and by the people from their small cogon huts came to my home. When they were gathered, the *Presidente* counted the people present, and there were eighty-three of us. Then he stood up in the center of the assembly and told us that our settlement would be made into a new *barrio*. He asked us to suggest the best man that might be made our *Teniente del Barrio*. I raised my hand and suggested Macario Lorenzo, because he was the oldest in the settlement. Another man by Macario's side said, "We like Agustin Batoy better." So our names were written down by the *escribiente* on a sheet of paper. After our two names, no one else was presented.

'Then the *Presidente* explained the duties and obligations of both the *Teniente* and of every citizen of the new *barrio* to the *gobierno*. When he had finished talking, he asked the people to stand by Macario Lorenzo's side, if we liked him to be our *Teniente del Barrio*. I moved to Macario's side, but no one else did. When the *Presidente* said, "Those who like Agustin Batoy, stand by his side." Everybody ran to my side. I was then chosen as *Tenienteng Panganay* (first).

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'I was asked to make a short speech after the election. I did not have anything to say, but when I saw that the *Presidente* and his companions were hungry, I spoke to all the settlers: "I am thanking you very much for selecting me as the first *Teniente* of this new *barrio*. While we are here, let us not forget what our good *Presidente Municipal* said about our duties and obligations to the *gobierno*. My first order, then, to the people of the new *barrio* is to prepare a sumptuous dinner for the *Presidente* and his party."

'After I finished speaking, everyone left for their homes. Some came back with young pullets in bamboo baskets, some with fresh river shrimps in huge coconut shells, some with sweet mountain rice in buri bags, and others with handfuls of eggs and tender yam tops. We prepared the food, and in less than an hour a dinner was given to the *Presidente*, the *Escribiente*, the *Concejal*, the *Teniente* of Nipga and the three policemen who came along with them.

'Two weeks after that I received my commission as *Agente del Orden* of the new *barrio*. Another paper attached to it read that the name of the new *barrio* by the hillside was Napatag, because it is beside the mountain stream of that name. From that time, Maestro, the *Municipio* of Makato has not found a successor for me. I am old now and have served the *gobierno* for quite a number of years, but the people still want me to be their *Teniente*. It pays to be honest and courageous, Maestro. The *gobierno* looks up to men who are upright, honest and sincere.'

I was not able to answer him. I was lost in the greatness of this humble old soul from a remote *barrio* in the hills. I did not answer him but I smiled in admiration of the courage and righteousness of his 'rebellion.'

'It is getting late now, Maestro,' he said, as he took my hand and gripped it hard. 'I must go home now. I will have to run part of the way from here to reach Napatag before sundown. My wife will not bar the housedoor if I do not come home. She will sit up till I come. Good-bye, Maestro. I hope to see you again here in Maile next year.' Then he released his rough hands from mine.

He unhooked his ugly, pointed iron cane from the nail on the post, put on his old buri hat and swung out of the open door. Old and bent with the weight of the years, he nevertheless walked swingingly across the broad, sunblazed *barrio* plaza, past the school house, and was lost to my sight behind the tottering, weather-beaten old church of Naile.

Foe of Pirates

British adventurers and pirates robbed us of Gibraltar. Gibraltar is now a den of pirates, but, fortunately, it won't be for long, for we shall soon incorporate Gibraltar in our Motherland.—Quiepo de Llano, Spanish Rebel leader.

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Persons and Personages

Stalin's Bloodhound

By Roman Gul

Translated from *Posledniya Novosti*, Paris Russian Émigré Social-Democratic Daily

A MAN so small as to be almost a dwarf—that is Nikolai Yezhov, present master of the Soviet Political Police, who has hunted down hundreds of real or alleged enemies of the régime and staged their sensational trials. His legs are thin and crooked, and his face has an unhealthy pallor which is emphasized by his small, malicious eyes. He talks through his drawn lips in a high-pitched sardonic whine.

Like Yagoda, his immediate predecessor, Yezhov is a man without an impressive record. This bloodthirsty dwarf bobbed up in the Government circles like a *deus ex machina*. Before he was appointed People's Commissar of the Interior and Chief of the GPU, his name was almost unknown in Russia. He was, however, very well known by the Moscow and Leningrad Party heads and his being entrusted with 'Felix's (Dzerzhinski's) sword' did not come to them as a total surprise. Now his name is being publicized throughout the country in enthusiastic articles; and poems have been published about him in the official press.

This 'hero Yezhov,' who has been described in one poem as 'Stalin's devoted and faithful friend,'

whom the accursed spies see in their dreams
armed with an unsheathed and wrathful sword,

is a real Petrograd proletarian, a true nobleman of the Soviet régime. Yet he had no revolutionary record until the year 1917. As a boy he worked in the Putilov munitions plant, where he ran errands for the workers; at twenty, he became an apprentice. Those who knew Yezhov in the Petrograd workers' circles characterized him as a typical factory apprentice of the pre-Revolutionary period, who, like most of his class, hated the intellectuals and the peasants.

Under the influence of experienced revolutionaries such men often become effective agitators. Indeed, in his apprentice days, Yezhov often played pranks on the police and tried his hand at petty sabotage. At the same time, however, his type was considered most unstable in the revolutionary sense—a man incapable of methodical self-training. It had been found that men of this type, who lacked the deep convictions and rigid self-discipline of the experienced revolutionaries, easily fell out of

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the organized workers' movement, joining the anarchists or outlaws. If the Revolution had not come, the apprentice Yezhov might possibly have fallen by the wayside. His education had stopped with the parish school; some things he learned from his association with the revolutionary circles. His outlook must have been greatly affected, however, by the sad existence led in the gloomy factory workers' streets, so different from the glamour and gaiety of noble and upper class life in imperial St. Petersburg.

So Yezhov worked at the Putilov factory until 1917, when he immediately joined the most extreme, the most revolutionary of all the parties: from the very beginning he was a Bolshevik. After the October Revolution many workers were able to hew out careers from their own exceptional talents. Such were Voroshilov, Tomski, who later killed himself, and Smirnov, Yenukidze and Serebryakov, who have been convicted of treason and shot. Yezhov had no special talents. He built his career on entirely different characteristics, making capital of his insignificant personality, his cunning and lack of principle and his complete devotion to Stalin.

In 1917, the twenty-three-year-old Yezhov was a rank-and-file Bolshevik agitator among the Petrograd garrison. When the Civil War flared up, he disappeared into the dark and bloody wings of the Cheka, as the Secret Police was then called. By the end of the Civil War, Yezhov had risen to the rank of a Red Army Commissar through his merciless efficiency in getting rid of the enemies of the State. He tried to get to Moscow, but he was still unknown to the Party leaders, and he had had no real organizing experience. So he was sent to Turkestan, where the Civil War was still going on, instead of to Moscow. There he participated in the campaign against the marauding Basmatch bands which ranged the countryside under the leadership of Enver Pasha. In 1922, the Soviet forces mopped up these bands and killed Enver Pasha. Before Yezhov became People's Commissar of the Interior there was little talk of his activities in Turkestan, but now he is personally credited with the killing of Enver.

Yezhov's rise to his present exalted station has been based entirely on a gamble—he staked everything on Stalin. His hunch, and at first it was certainly no more than that, was inspired. As early as 1923, the General Secretary of the Party noticed the little Commissar. After Lenin's death, in the midst of the conflict with the Trotski and Zinoviev factions, Stalin brought to Moscow the Communists from the provinces on whom he felt he could personally rely, since they would owe their promotion to him. One of these was Yezhov, whom Stalin appraised as a sharp-witted man who was ready to do anything to further his career.

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In 1927, while working in the Party's Central Committee, Yezhov attracted his colleagues' attention by his unswerving devotion to the dictator and by his firmness of will, which was extraordinary even among the Communists. It is true that almost no one was impressed by his intellect and some of those who dealt with him pronounced him a moron. But that was unimportant. Everybody understood that here was a man who would stop at nothing in carrying out Stalin's orders. Acting on his master's instructions, he distinguished himself during the period of compulsory collectivization, when he was the active instrument in the wholesale destruction of the Kulaks. Perhaps the Petrograd factory apprentice's contempt and dislike for the 'country yokels' found expression in the terroristic measures he employed.

After this, Yezhov rose steadily. He became a member of the Central Party Control Committee. He then managed to get one of the most important posts in Soviet affairs when Stalin put him in charge of the Organizational Department. This post gave him jurisdiction over all appointments and assignments within the Party. Immediately the whole Party felt his iron hand, and he was generally, although furtively, disliked. But Stalin valued his special talents. In 1934 he became one of the Secretaries of the Party and, a year later, Chairman of the Party's Central Committee.

Unsocial, vengeful and malicious by nature, Yezhov did not get along with many of the Party leaders. He had disagreements with Voroshilov; he hated Yagoda, whom he regarded as a rival for Stalin's favor; and he particularly disliked Molotov, Stetski and Mezhlauk because they were intellectuals. That was a survival of his old distrust: he did not hide his joy when the intellectuals from the Bolshevik Old Guard were executed as traitors. His greatest triumph came in September, 1936, when Stalin finally held in his hands the proof of Yagoda's duplicity. On September 27th, Yagoda fell and Yezhov took his place as People's Commissar of the Interior and the head of the GPU. It was not long before Soviet Russia learned to fear Yezhov's name. After twenty years of revolution, Yezhov opened a new page of mass terror. It was a paralyzing, a *blind* terror, in comparison with which even that under Dzerzhinski seemed mild. All varieties of oppositionists found themselves in the same grim peril. And it is not an exaggeration to say that no one, from the highest official to the most insignificant non-Party Russian, could be sure that next day he might not be arrested by the GPU.

At last Stalin saw that Yezhov's blind terror was becoming dangerous for the Government itself. In January, 1938, by an unexpected decree, he stayed Yezhov's hand: it seemed that he had noticed signs of sabotage in the zeal of Yezhov's subordinates.

Who can tell? Perhaps tomorrow Yezhov will walk in the footprints

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of his innumerable victims as far as the bloody wall. Anything is possible in present-day Russia. Lenin once wrote of Stalin: 'This cook will prepare only spicy dishes.' Perhaps Yezhov himself may some day have to eat one of the Iron Dictator's spicy dishes.

Sidelights on Prince Saionji

By Kinkazu Saionji

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

NOT to show one's feelings has long been considered in Japan as a virtue. My grandfather is, in this respect, a man well entitled to be called virtuous. And between matters public and private, the Old Man is, and has always been, an uncompromising separationist. I, too, am going to drive away the private for the sake of the public, in the same spirit. As a grandson, it may be difficult to attempt a critical study of my grandfather; yet, as a public man, I see no moral difficulty in attempting a sketch of another public man.

It would be a mere waste of words to tell how Prince Saionji spent ten of his most formative years in France for the purposes of education; how strongly he was impressed by Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, which was indeed the most radical of political thoughts when he came back to Japan in 1881; how he tried to realize his progressive ideals by becoming owner-editor of a newspaper and advocating political and social reforms; how he has served four Emperors, either as courtier or courtier-general, or as Minister or Ambassador to several foreign courts, or as Minister or Prime Minister and party-leader, or finally as Genro and guardian of the Constitution. All these periods of his career have already been described in detail by abler hands than mine.

It is, however, interesting and wonderful that Prince Saionji is simultaneously a contemporary and a classic. There are a good many persons in Japan who collaborated with, or had contact with, Lord Balfour, Clemenceau, Marshal Hindenburg and President Wilson. It is wonderful, however, even to think that there is still a living man who has actually talked with Prince Bismarck, had audiences with Queen Victoria and President Grant, heard Liszt play his own music, and so forth.

At every Ministerial crisis, or once yearly in early summer and once in early autumn, a photograph of an old man with his inevitable long bamboo cane appears in the papers. Sometimes there is a casual little story with the picture, but nothing else, so much does the Old Man dislike publicity. If left to himself, he would never have any news to give the press reporters. His distaste for publicity has made a mystery man of

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him. What an anomaly for a man who has so long been a loyal fighter for the democratic cause in politics!

Paradoxically, he has no time for mysteries. Even the mystery of religion does not seem to suit him: he has no religion. If he had to choose between Logos and Mythos, it would infallibly be Logos with which he would side. When he has some trouble with his health, he depends entirely upon the most scientific cure in defiance of any mystic treatment, which may quite possibly be recommended to him. He is a firm believer in science and the scientific way of thinking and dealing with everything. His belief in science implies his confidence in human mental capacity. And I believe that this is where his optimistic outlook on human community and politics originates.

When I reflect upon the Old Man's political moves during the past several years, I discover in them a striking tendency toward conservatism, which sharply contrasts with his early radicalism or even subsequent liberalism. After the February Incident, 1936, I can clearly observe his policy of preserving the *status quo* in his selection of a succeeding Prime Minister. Conservatism, I think, lacks either imagination or courage, particularly when the conditions prevailing in a community are somewhat stagnant. As for the Old Man, I have never considered him as lacking either vision or courage. On the contrary, he has much more of both than the majority of people possess. Then what is the explanation? Probably the fact that, being the only surviving Genro, he has to fill this extremely important and difficult office all alone. But I think there is another and a more important reason, that is, optimism emanating from his confidence in human rationality. Because of this he seems to have a firm confidence in the natural progress of the community.

Has it not been this confidence in the final victory of human rationality over mystic or unscientific forces that has recently persuaded this rational Old Man to adopt a policy of preserving the *status quo?* In other words, he is employing a deterrent policy against current unscientific and mystical forces so that the public can cool down and make a rational judgment, and, consequently, follow a more natural, therefore a more reasonable, course of development. This is presumably what was in the Old Man's mind. Whether or not he is justified in carrying his implicit confidence in human rationality into the field of actual politics yet remains to be judged by those who will read the political and social history of the days in which we are now living. At any rate, the Genro's is a noble soul and his ideals are logical, earnest and honest. His interest in social and international justice is genuine.

I often compare Prince Saionji with Prince Konoye. I feel vaguely that a justification of my argument can be found in the difference between these two statesmen. I am quite sure that they are in perfect

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agreement as regards, for instance, the line on which Sino-Japanese relations should be established. Their unanimous and genuine answer will be peace and coöperation divorced from territorial design. But their methods of achieving these noble ends will, I am also sure, not be identical. I sympathize with them both, but in different ways: in the case of the younger Prince, because his is such a difficult task; in the case of the elder Prince, because he must find it very difficult to comprehend the sentiments and thoughts of Japan today.

Often I hear people say: 'Prince Saionji has lived too long; my heart bleeds when I think of the acute pain which the Prince must feel in the depth of his heart to see all that he has striven so hard to construct crumble down in front of his eyes.' Never mind. He is a brave optimist; he himself says that there are inevitably ups and downs on the long path along which a man or a nation has to proceed, and if there is a steep, bitter valley, then there will also be a high, serene peak. Here again I can perceive his unfaltering confidence in human progress.

But it is rather a shame that the Japanese nation should need, and rely upon, such an unbelievably long service as the Old Man has given. Once I asked an old man, who was still active in the management of our country, whether his generation would ever give the younger generation a chance. His reply was, indeed, in the affirmative. But I remained suspicious. On the other hand, I often hear the younger generation say: 'We are well prepared to stand up when occasion requires!' Again I was suspicious and a little ashamed.

Some years ago, I spent a summer day with my grandfather at his mountain villa in Gotemba. We were talking about the books which we both had recently read. He said: 'There seems to be a lot of talk about Marx again. So I have re-read his *Capital*. In French, of course, as I cannot, unfortunately, understand German.'

He makes tremendous efforts to keep pace with the sentiments of the day, for the purpose of forming the fairest possible judgment thereon. Yet I cannot help wishing that he could be left in peace with the kind of books which he so dearly loves, and with the birds and flowers and trees which so deeply appeal to the cultured sense of beauty in this grand Old Man of Japan.

Marie Laurencin

By 'Chamine'

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

ALTHOUGH this house tried to be like its neighbors, it seemed to exist beyond time and space. Within it, eternity reigned, like those long,

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sunny afternoons of one's childhood, whose dazzling brilliance promises to last forever. It was a house where everyone has kept her childhood—the mistress, the maid and even the dog. It was a house where only women lived, a house adorned with pictures of women made by women, its shelves lined with books written by or about women. It was decorated in feminine colors—blue-green, rose and mauve. Within flowed 'that sweetened existence of slow gestures which must forever remain obscure,' as Rilke says in his description of the Boussac tapestry.

To tell the story more prosaically, one day I rang the bell at the door of Marie Laurencin's neat, quiet house. Immediately, a dog barked, a little dog, to judge by its shrill voice. However, it turned out to be a fat she-dog which for some reason had kept the voice of its puppyhood. Behind her was a little woman with a piercing voice that resembled the voices of children from an orphanage on a Sunday outing. That was Renée, the maid, who is no more considered a maid than Dinah is considered an animal. The mistress was bigger than the maid or the dog. That seemed a natural hierarchic arrangement. The three of them made a compact unit which it would be very hard to separate.

At first it was like visiting little girls. They immediately showed me all around the house. The rooms were painted blue and green, with portraits of women and pictures of flowers, butterflies and dogs. Then I was shown how Dinah could pretend to be a lion. An old fur-piece was put around her neck and she made roaring noises with a self-satisfied air.

Then I was shown a very pretty bird box. You pressed a spring and a bird popped out, a small enameled bird, with minute feathers, who opened his mouth, peeped and dived back into the box. Dinah, too, wanted to see the bird and was cajoled to imitate the lion again.

'Before Dinah,' said Renée, 'we had a Pekinese.'

'Yes,' said Marie Laurencin, 'but all Pekinese are alike.'

'But not ours, Madam. He was unique.'

'No cats?' I asked.

'No, Dinah won't have them. But since we cannot be completely without cats, we call Dinah 'pussy' sometimes. Here pussy, pussy!' Dinah turned around and made an effort to arch her back.

All this rather confused me. I felt so much older than they, but I knew that Marie Laurencin must be fifty years old. Dinah is nine and the maid seems ageless. And yet, Marie Laurencin has not a single wrinkle on her brow or cheeks, no crowsfeet around the eyes. They simply did not bother to grow up.

'I try to keep my spirit young,' the painter told me. 'How do I do it? Well, I always keep in a good humor. I never feel anti-anything. I never regret anything. I only like books with pictures. I keep my house

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in order. There are no boring pictures, no mess or litter, nothing superfluous in the drawers, pockets or hands. Everything is neat—the heart, the house and the paintings. Come, look at my curtains! And here are some of my books.'

All the novels by the English old maids of the Victorian era are there, bound in blue leather. In a remote room, we found the artist's first pictures. They are gray and sad; they seem to express the hesitation of the artist's adolescence, before she was frightened by her first glimpses of the world and plunged back into childhood.

'I only have one model,' said Marie Laurencin. 'Of course, I have painted portraits. I have painted Renée and Dinah and I have painted imaginary figures, but my official model, *la Bonnegrosse*, as we call her, has been with us for twelve years. She does not get old either. She is a luxuriant beauty. When she is here, she is always relaxed, silent, aloof and impersonal—a very *nature morte* model. She used to be a dancer and her body has still kept its suppleness. There is grace in her poses. She has a plump neck and small hands. When she leaves this house, she goes back to a strange life somewhere near the Place Maubert, a life with brutal men and red wine. She does not talk much. One day she told me a story. She insisted that in an optician's window on the Boulevard Saint-Germain she saw a cat wearing glasses. I went there to investigate and found that it was true. That little story is still the only subject of our conversation.'

Renée interrupted: 'You forgot to say, Madam, that she never washes herself and that her lovely crown of hair makes a bright halo around her brow.'

'Here,' Marie Laurencin continued, '*la Bonnegrosse* always carries herself like a queen. I hate thin, light-haired women without eyebrows. Long ago I decided that I would only paint brunettes. I have always loved colors. Even when I was little, I used to love silks, pearls and ribbons. I would have liked to have many children so that I could paint them and dress them up with ribbons.'

'You could only do that with little girls.'

'I would have had nothing but little girls—the way one has dolls.'

'They probably would have been lucky little girls.'

'Yes, children generally are not happy, are they? Just fancy: in schools people try to teach them and make them read horrible stories about the Gauls and the Franks, who are always armed to the teeth and always fighting. It used to bore me dreadfully. Luckily, at that point, Clotilde came into history, and I was saved. And after that, a whole row of charming queens, young heroines and favorites—a veritable history in pigtails.

'And when I was about fifteen years old, I noticed that my friends

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looked like the angels of Botticelli and Ghirlandajo—except on Sundays, when they were ugly because they were dressed to go out.

'The idea of painting came to me as I was riding on top of a bus, where I could see into the second-story windows of the houses. They were full of fascinating scenes: women in négligés and men playing banjos or mandolins. But the colors! I hated the reds particularly. I have never dared to use them.

'I studied at the Academy and learned a lot there. I also owe much to Picasso, to Braque, to Matisse and Derain. They would not be particularly pleased to hear me say so. But what of it? As Carmen sings: "*Si tu ne m'aimes pas, moi, je t'aime!*" '

'Your canvases,' I remarked, 'are so often of the same woman. Then why does she have different names like *Flora*, *Semiramis*, *Douceur 1935*, *Sultane* and *Dolores?*'

'The title comes by itself and it helps me. It might be brought about by the mood of the day, the model's face, by Dinah, Renée, the house. . . . I almost never go out. When I see more than six people, I must take an aspirin.'

'Why do your fine ladies always have those elaborate coiffures? Always there is a hood, a fringe, a little bow or pearls.'

'That is their coquetry. They are dressed up. They want to show off. . . . Rose Descat comes to look at my paintings, borrows my colors, tries to incorporate them in a fashion and to interpret directly the things I do.'

I asked: 'Do you feel more at ease in doing little things like book illustrations, in designing costumes or laboring on more ambitious paintings?'

'It is all the same to me,' she said. 'Whatever I do can be enlarged without adding a detail or reduced without becoming confusing. Would you like to see Montherlant's *Les Jeunes Filles*, the last book I illustrated? Renée, where is it?'

'They have not sent us a copy yet.'

'Very well, here is the one I illustrated before that. It is the story of Marguerite Gautier.'

Then she showed me several drawings of *La Dame aux Camelias*, sometimes in profile, sometimes full face, with flowers, with feathers—but there was never a sign of Armand Duval. Marie Laurencin is capable of separating all the famous couples, of seeing Isolde without Tristan, Juliet without Romeo, Cleopatra without Antony. One suspects that she does not believe in the original sin. She believes that we are still living in the garden of Eden with pearls in our hair, eternally young, playing innocently and gravely with an inedible apple. For her, time has not yet begun.

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How economic war for a vast market is being waged between the Powers.

On the Latin American Front

By D. STUART-RICE

From the *Latin-American World*
London Commercial Monthly

ALTHOUGH Latin America, the largest and richest undeveloped area in the world, has not yet involved the rest of the globe in armed conflict, the struggle for economic mastery over the vast lands lying between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn continues as hard-fought and as bitter as ever. Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and Japan are the main protagonists in this international 'war,' with France and the other European States playing minor rôles in the background. The issue is still undecided.

The fight for dominance has been a long one. It started almost immediately after the discovery of America by Columbus. Between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, indeed, the New World exercised a decisive influence in the history of the Old.

The entire balance of European power was upset by Columbus's discovery. Italy and Germany, whose mastery of the Mediterranean—then the world's trade center—was the vital factor in their European preëminence, fell back in the world race. The nations bordering on the Atlantic looked west and found that they held the keys to the golden New World. In that direction lay their future.

Spain and Portugal gained a flying start when the Pope apportioned Latin America between them. The two Iberian Empires set about the conquest of their new colonies with a will intensified by the lust for gold and other precious metals; the other potentialities of these rich lands they neglected. Soon, however, the drain on man-power and other resources began to tell, and both countries lost their territorial hold on South America—and with it their trade.

With President Monroe of the United States and George Canning of Great Britain championing the independence of the new sovereign States which arose after the revolt against their Iberian masters, economic penetration alone was allowed to an Old World nurturing expansionist ideas.

Britain and the United States soon

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began to reap the benefit of their none-too-disinterested action. Gratefully the new nations of America turned to them for the capital which they so sorely needed for development of the vast resources at their command. The capitalists of Britain and America, who had been waiting for the inevitable appeal, were not found wanting. They poured money into Latin America.

For a time all went well for the financiers. The money which they loaned to South America came back in payment for the implements needed for development, which were bought, naturally enough, from those countries which had made that development possible. Besides, interest on the loans was paid with gratifying regularity, and trade between creditors and debtors flowed smoothly.

II

As time went on, however, Latin America had to appeal for more capital. The peoples of this brave New World, where money was easily and quickly made, were accustomed to living on the rising tide. In these lands of economic sunshine, they said, it was futile to save for a rainy day.

Everyone thereupon spent what he made and more. The balance could be borrowed easily enough from the bankers, who were only too pleased to accept mortgages on property. And since property had a way of appreciating anyway, why not?

The direct result of this attitude was that capital did not accumulate at home. Consequently money needed for the development of the countries had to be obtained from abroad, always with the risk of handing over control of national economy to the foreigner. Thus funds for mines, public utilities and railways had to be contracted in Europe or in America.

The weakness of this economic system is only too discernible, indebtedness apart. The balance of payments of the new republics has always been patently unstable. The large sums of money which were leaving these countries in the form of interest charges, dividends and payments to absentee landlords—the last especially a surprisingly heavy drain—could only be counterbalanced by the proceeds from raw materials shipped abroad.

When the prices of those raw materials collapsed, the bottom fell out of Latin American finance. One after another the Latin American States defaulted, and the groans of Wall Street and Threadneedle Street spoiled the friendly atmosphere which had hitherto existed between those two thoroughfares.

From Mexico City to Buenos Aires, Finance Ministers wore a worried look. Their entire conception of economic prosperity had been based on the hypothesis that the future had even greater wealth in store than the present. Well, they had been proved wrong, so they had to find a solution.

The loans which they had obtained lately had been dissipated for the most part on non-productive enterprises, and a very large proportion of the loans had never even got into circulation. It was not unusual for the rake-off appropriated by the members of some of the contracting governments to amount to some 50 per cent of the total! The only thing to do, then, was to curtail expenditure drastically and have a talk with the creditors. The

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talks were heated, of course, and the whole business eventually ended in a moratorium all around.

The foreign capitalists, especially those of the United States, who had tempted Latin America with endless loans in the post-War period, when they knew that these countries could not possibly afford the luxury, were in large measure to blame for the economic collapse of the continent. The one regrettable feature of this unhappy business was that the American financial houses, which forced these loans on reluctant Finance Ministers, passed the burden on to the small investor by way of public issues.

The result of this lamentable letdown in one sphere of economy reacted severely on another—that of commerce. Here, where Britain and the United States had been preëminent during the boom years, virtual stagnation set in. Latin America could no longer afford to be extravagant in her purchases from the world outside.

III

The countries hit by this setback were the creditor nations, Britain and the United States, and a brief survey of their struggle for mastery in the years immediately preceding the collapse would not be out of place here.

It was on the West Coast that United States big business made its most desperate gamble to oust Britain from her strong position. The struggle of the United States was a hard and a bitter one. The Great War brought just that diversion of British activity in Latin America which the United States had been awaiting to launch her economic drive.

The first step was to storm Britain out of her economic strongholds by the introduction of technical improvements, especially those improvements which required large outlays of capital, which Britain, at this moment, could not afford.

Herr Sanhaber, a German observer of the fight, has described the American methods in *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik*. As that of an independent observer his testimony is valuable. The Guggenheim Brothers, the largest copper concern in the United States, he wrote, had invested huge sums in the Chilean copper industry. By means of the 'cold' process they were able to exploit ores with a very low copper content (less than 2 per cent) and at a lower cost than the rich but awkwardly situated mines in the mountains. Chile became thereby the biggest copper exporter in the world.

Similarly the saltpeter industry was over-rationalized by mammoth concerns to such an extent that the British were forced to sell out to United States nationals.

In the electricity industry the Americans stopped at nothing. They engineered tramway men's strikes and started press campaigns against the municipal electricity contracts. They bought out the largest electricity consumers and in many cases forced the English to sell out to them.

In Peru, also, the Americans made great progress. Before the war Britain exercised the decisive influence through the Peruvian Corporation, described by Sanhaber as 'a financial establishment founded on State bankruptcy.' But the Americans were able to give such enormous credits for road-building and other works to President Leguía that the whole of Peru, in-

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cluding its copper industry (Cerro de Pasco), fell into American hands.

It is true that the Americans also advanced on the east coast, especially in Brazil, for whom the United States coffee market was of vital importance. But on the Atlantic side of the Andes, notably in Argentina, the British were too strongly entrenched. Only the local telephone company of the public utilities changed from British to American ownership.

IV

With the first signs of the economic crisis, America's financial stronghold in the south collapsed like a pack of cards. It was revealed to what a disproportionate extent the financial position of the large American concerns was founded on foreign money, especially British money. Where Britain had furnished long-term loans, the Americans had supplied only shares and, to a very small extent, working capital. This was particularly noticeable in the Chilean saltpeter concern, the Cosach.

But there was another important factor in the American collapse. England's position in Latin America had been based on her great world trade and her capacity to absorb raw materials. The United States, herself a producer of raw materials, was compelled to close her frontiers to imports of raw materials from Latin America, thereby destroying the very basis of her investments in those lands.

America, though, lost more than her investments and her trade in Latin America—she lost her good will. The atmosphere between North and South Americas was electric. Latin America voiced its resentment of the financial dictatorship of the United States and its dire results, and the United States responded with uncomplimentary remarks about borrowers who do not repay. The carefully tended Pan-American spirit was, during this time at least, as dead as the proverbial dodo.

In the stronger States, the advocates of economic nationalism were optimistic and aimed at industrialization and at securing emancipation from native economic peculiarities. In the weaker States, the proponents of a revived Indianism were pessimistic, harked back to the past, and attempted to develop the concept of 'Amerindia' or that of 'Eurindia.'

Each side considered its program as a policy of defense against the influence of foreign capital in general, and against the *Peligro Yanqui* (the Yankee Peril) in particular. The first sought to fight it by opening the doors to it and adopting its methods; it acted on the belief that industrialization was the insulin to counteract the foreign virus; and that the process was facilitated by foreign capital itself. Indianists preferred to avoid the influx of foreign capital, even though it meant sacrificing the possibilities of material development.

Parallel with the changes in ideology, certain new political tendencies were seen in Latin America. One noticed, for example, that the economic nationalism of the larger States led to a quest for wider markets as a preliminary condition of large-scale industrialization.

It was thus that Argentina developed a 'local imperialism,' by her economic penetration of her neighbors, Paraguay, Uruguay, Bolivia and even Southern Brazil. Indeed, Argen-

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tina changed her traditional anti-continental policy and is on the way to becoming the leader of South America.

V

The damage to the foreign contenders for first place in the Latin American markets was, in the meantime, severe. With the United States practically down and out, Britain might easily have scooped the market. But the opportunity was permitted to slip by.

At this crucial point, Germany, Italy and Japan, which had not been 'stung' as creditor nations, stepped into the market. Their cheap lines appealed to peoples with sadly depleted pockets, and the first two countries arranged barter deals in order to gain even those small orders which, in the ordinary course of events, would have gone either to Britain or to the United States. Further, the Latin American countries were inveigled into signing agreements to accept payment for raw materials in the form of 'blocked' currencies.

Britain and the United States saw some of their traditional markets threatened by the newcomers, but they did little more than consolidate their interests at the crisis level. Much of the new trade resulting from the return of prosperity to Latin America went to Germany, Italy and Japan.

The United States, perturbed by the ominous rise of German and Italian economic and political influence in Latin America, is now planning to stage a come-back. With Europe preoccupied with the piling up of armaments, the Americans believe that they can snatch back the trade which they have lost and more.

The methods of attack will be changed. The United States will seek to dominate the South American market, not by its financial control of local undertakings, which are gradually being nationalized, anyway, but by selling more American goods in the expanding market at the expense of her competitors. 'Quality and American-made' will be her slogan, and salesmanship is expected to do the rest.

The drive, when it does come, will probably hit Britain hardest of all. This country, basking in a false prosperity at home resulting from enormous expenditure on armaments, has neglected its South American business during the past few years.

Britain will not, of course, yield her position without a struggle; but there is some doubt as to whether she is sufficiently well entrenched to meet the onslaught and counter-attack effectively when the second American war-without-quarter begins. That she is losing the present preliminary skirmishes with the more lowly contenders, such as the Germans, should be warning enough.

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An eminent Japanese editor and a famous British correspondent discuss frankly the causes of Anglo-Japanese tension; a sketch of war-torn China.

The Troubled East

I. Our Grievances Against Britain

By Tanzan Ishibashi

From the *Oriental Economist*, Tokyo English-Language Economic Monthly

[*The next two articles were originally letters: the first, a statement of Japan's grievances against Great Britain by Mr. Ishibashi, editor of the* Oriental Economist; *the second, a reply by Mr. Hugh Byas, Tokyo correspondent of the London* Times *and the* New York Times, *who is a British citizen. The editor of the* Oriental Economist *is to be warmly commended for his fearless and broadminded gesture in opening his pages to Mr. Byas's frank criticism of Japan's policy, especially at a time when his country is at war.* The Editors]

SINCE the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1921, relations between Great Britain and Japan have not been what they should be. Following the denunciation of the Japanese-Indian treaty of commerce in 1933, they became visibly strained. Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese hostilities they have become so much worse that neither country minces words in expressing its disapproval of the other, as is clearly discernible from the reports and editorials in the newspapers and other publications in both nations.

This state of affairs is patently not conducive to the welfare of either nation or to that of the world at large.

Anti-British sentiment in Japan now seems to be dying down. It is safe to assume that both the Government and people have practically reached the conclusion that relations between Japan and England should be restored to the old amicable basis in order to establish coöperation between the two countries in reaching their common goal of bringing peace and prosperity to the Orient.

Conditions in Great Britain, however, appear to be taking just the opposite trend and public opinion seems to be growing more vehement against Japan. In league with the

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United States of America and France, the British Government felt it proper to make a veiled threat to Japan, which was implied in a note concerning naval building that she sent to the Japanese Government on February 5th.

It is public knowledge that Japan had to withdraw from the naval conference of 1936 because her proposal for armament reduction based on the principle of non-menace and non-aggression was rejected by the Powers. It follows that there can hardly be any reason why Japan should be cross-examined by England, America and France in the aforesaid notes. In spite of their full knowledge of this, the three Powers saw fit to make this demand of Japan. From these facts one cannot escape the conclusion that the three nations were fully aware of the impression which the notes would make on the Japanese people. It is the general impression that the leading spirit in this move was the British Government, and if this impression is correct, do intelligent Britons really approve of such a discourteous action toward Japan by their Government?

II

Your long residence here and your thorough knowledge of conditions in Japan as well as in your home country, Great Britain, place you in an ideal position to extend most valuable coöperation to us in improving the relations between our two nations by trying to obliterate whatever unpleasant feeling may still exist. It is from this motive that we hereby submit to you the following seven questions on which we hope you will enlighten us:—

1. We believe we have correctly outlined above the general reaction of the Japanese people to the notes of the three Powers on naval armament.

2. At the naval conference of 1936, Japan insisted upon abolition of the 5-5-3 ratio, mutual scrapping of capital ships and a substantial reduction of other offensive armaments. We note that in England a body of opinion has recently arisen which differentiates between aggressive and deterrent armaments. Therefore is not Great Britain prepared to reëxamine Japan's proposal of 1936 and forestall the dangerous naval building race that seems imminent?

3. Both England and America seem to be committed to the policy that the 5-5-3 ratio must be maintained, and that if Japan builds a parity navy, England and America should outbuild Japan in order to keep Japan's navy forever in an inferior position. Is it their intention thus to bring Japan to her knees and force her to abandon the idea of building a parity navy? Is not such a policy dangerous?

4. The true implication of the above notes of the three Powers on naval building is that the notes were merely a subterfuge wherewith the Powers hoped to intimidate Japan with a view to checking her action in East Asia. This is a widely accepted view among the Japanese people. It may be true that no formal treaty of alliance as yet binds the three countries concerned, but people here believe that some such understanding is actually in force.

5. The American Government has made a statement denying the existence of such an understanding among the three Powers. Even accepting this denial at the face value insofar as it

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concerns the three Governments, is it not a patent fact that public opinion in England emphatically favors aligning the so-called democratic countries against Japan and instigating an international anti-Japanese boycott? And this movement is inspired and directed by leaders of Britain. What wrong has Japan ever done Britain to merit this policy of hate by her?

6. We have stated that anti-British sentiment here has materially subsided of late, but this does not alter the fundamental fact that the Japanese people in recent years have come to entertain against Great Britain a feeling of grievance which is still unappeased. This feeling refers to the fact that England has mercilessly and cold-bloodedly banged her doors against Japan's peaceful economic expansion in nearly every one of Britain's far-flung territories. This policy has not only irritated the feeling of the Japanese as a whole but even has driven some to the conclusion that peaceful means are not sufficiently effective to achieve so modest an ambition as providing the means of livelihood to the nation. Cannot England adopt an open-door policy for these territories?

7. It is believed here that England has built up a privileged position of scope and efficiency in China. Some Japanese are inclined to the view that England is abusing this privileged position in such a way as to curb Japan's economic expansion in China. If there are grounds for this view, is England prepared to alter her policy in China so as to make Japan's economic activity there possible?

Since the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities, numerous incidents, mostly of a minor character, have occurred to mar the relations between Japan and Britain. It is our opinion, however, that if our two nations can reach an understanding on the above fundamental issues, the lesser ones will take care of themselves. If, Mr. Byas, you will kindly take the trouble to answer the above questions, which are made from the best of motives and with the best of intentions, we feel certain that you will have contributed a great deal to the welfare of not only Japan and England but of all nations.

II. Japan Always Says 'No'

By Hugh Byas

From the *Oriental Economist*, Tokyo English-Language Economic Monthly

I APPRECIATE the friendly frankness with which the Editor of the *Oriental Economist* has enumerated Japan's grievances against England, and I shall claim the privilege of a friend and be equally frank in my reply. All I ask of my Japanese readers is an open, unprejudiced mind.

The Japanese people believe that the present state of Anglo-Japanese relations arises from Britain's refusal to coöperate with Japan. But coöperation implies give and take. How can there be coöperation when one party says 'No' to every proposal the other makes? Japan has rejected every important proposal Britain has made in recent years.

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In 1935, the British Government sent its highest economic adviser, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, to Japan to propose Anglo-Japanese coöperation for the economic recovery of China. There were no political conditions. It was simply a plan to stabilize Chinese currency for the benefit of China and all nations doing business with China. Our offer was rejected. Nevertheless, the plan succeeded and Japan, with others, reaped the benefit in a large increase of her exports to China in the first half of 1937.

In 1937, Britain proposed that Japan join the other naval Powers in an agreement not to mount guns larger than 14 inches on capital ships. That was the only undertaking asked of Japan, although all the other naval Powers had accepted displacement and gun limitation for every category of ships. A little international coöperation in this matter would have saved all nations large sums of money. Again Japan's answer was 'no.'

That refusal was the starting point of those unfortunate later developments which are going to lay heavy burdens on Japan and England and everybody else and increase their insecurity all around. The immediate result was the substitution of 16-inch guns for the 14-inch maximum. Bigger guns need bigger ships. Japan alleges that Britain, the United States and France want bigger ships themselves, and that their recent inquiry was a trick designed to lay on Japan the guilt of a new naval race. But if they now want bigger ships, the reason is that Japan declined to accept the smaller gun.

It is alleged that the recent inquiry was discourteous. Surely if false rumors are circulated, the best way of dealing with them is to ask the party concerned. How can it be discourteous to ask for information which we are willing to give? There is no evidence for the suggestion that the British Government was the 'moving spirit' of the three Powers' inquiry.

II

No one has been able to offer a satisfactory definition of the difference between defensive and offensive weapons. It all depends whether you are standing before the gun or behind it. Terms like parity and ratio only obscure the real issue. Germany is a proud nation, yet she found nothing humiliating in a naval agreement with Great Britain which gave her a much smaller ratio than Japan's.

The real question is security and security depends on many things besides the number of ships. Compare the geographical situation of the Japanese and the British Empires. The former is grouped around a powerful mother country thousands of miles distant from any potentially hostile country possessed of a navy. The British dominions are separated by vast distances and the mother country is situated on the edge of the most restless continent in the world, crowded with heavily armed and bellicose nations. Does any Japanese really feel that he is insecure unless he has a navy as large as England's? Is it not common sense to admit that the position and circumstances of a country are the dominant element in its security, and the number of its ships—its so-called ratio—a secondary matter? But the British did not try to impose upon Japan an inferior ratio. The British plan, which Japan rejected in

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1936, would have abolished ratios.

It is the difference in the circumstances of the nations which make the naval question so difficult. No completely wise and just solution is possible. But the naval conferences did succeed in working out a practical plan which demanded sacrifices from all and conferred benefits upon all. I lived in Japan before, during and after the treaty period, and I confidently appeal to the memories of my Japanese readers. The treatyless period before 1922 was a time of scares and huge programs. America had her plan for 16 capital ships and Japan had her 8-and-8 program. The treatyless period which we have now entered presents exactly the same features—huge building plans, ships like mountains and costing mountains of money, scares, rumors, recriminations and international ill-feeling. During the treaty period, 1922–36, we saved thousands of millions of yen and had greater security than we enjoy today.

At the last naval conference the Japanese presented a plan which they believed to be the best. But in human affairs, the best, being unattainable, is often the enemy of the good. There were present at the Conference America, England, France and Italy as well as Japan. Not one of them would accept the Japanese plan. It was found impossible to frame a scheme of quantitative limitation to which all would agree.

Britain tried to save something from the wreck and with enormous difficulty a scheme of qualitative limitation was devised and agreed to by all except Japan. While Italy did not sign the treaty for political reasons, she coöperated up to the last, and many of the technical details of the agreement were due to Italian inspiration. Yet the British plan was entirely consistent with Japan's principle of non-menace and non-aggression; it applied with equal fairness to all Powers, and it abolished the 5-5-3 ratio. No restrictions were imposed in the British plan except a limitation, common to all, of the maximum size of ships and guns.

It is a commonplace in human affairs that coöperation is impossible without mutual concession. Japan in 1936 refused to sign a new naval treaty unless her own terms were accepted *en bloc;* in 1937 she refused to coöperate in fixing a moderate maximum for guns, and more recently she was unable to assist in fixing a moderate maximum size for capital ships. To lay on the table your own plan and say 'This is perfect and it must be this or nothing' is not coöperation, and the criticism which the British make of Japan's new naval policy is that it is a policy of non-coöperation. It has destroyed the only successful coöperative international effort for peace accomplished since the World War, and its result is seen in the revival of naval competition after a truce of 16 years.

III

There is no alliance or agreement among the democratic countries against Japan. But all history shows that one combination of Powers produces a counter-combination, and Japan started the process. Do you remember how, in 1932, when Japan left the League of Nations, we were told that she had freed herself from entanglement in the affairs of Europe? But she has returned to Europe, and taken as partners the two most restless Powers of that troubled continent.

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The English people do not understand the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis. Do the Japanese? To say that Italy and Japan have no enemy in mind but the Communist International is a tale for innocent children. The English people could not but observe that the Japanese-Italian pact was concluded when England's relations with Italy were strained, when 'pirate' submarines were sinking British ships in the Mediterranean, and after a period when Mussolini had been massing troops to menace the Suez Canal and boasting of his aërial death-bands which would attack English ships. As for the suggestion that England is aligning the democratic countries against Japan, I need only point to British policy, which has emphatically opposed the division of the world into ideological blocs. Far from supporting a 'policy of hate,' Britain has tried to prevent the creation of lines of division which lead straight to international hatreds.

It is said that England has 'banged the door' in her colonies against Japan's peaceful expansion. How comes it, then, that the British Empire is Japan's best customer, and that Japan's trade with the British Empire is continuously expanding? Japan's trade returns, from which the following figures are taken, show that this accusation is completely false. In 1935, Japan's exports to the British Empire were worth 712.4 million yen; in 1937, they were worth 882.9 million yen, an increase of 25 per cent. Japan's exports to England increased in the same period by 40 per cent; her exports to British India by 9 per cent.

Japan's trade with the principal British territories is regulated by commercial agreements based on mutual interest, which can be revised when they are found unsatisfactory. The Anglo-Japanese commercial agreement was concluded in 1911, and amended in 1932 at Japan's request. The amendment permitted Japan to increase her tariffs on British goods and led in the natural course to a decline of British sales to Japan. In their commercial treaty relations, therefore, it cannot be said that Britain has taken action unfavorable to Japan; but it can be said that Japan has taken action unfavorable to Britain.

IV

As for the suggestion that Britain exercises secret pressure against Japanese trade in territories under her control, let us test it by Japan's trade with India. Before the World War Britain's average annual proportion of the total imports to British India was 62.3 per cent, and Japan's was 2.5 per cent. Since the War, Japan's percentage has risen to 16.3 per cent and Britain's has fallen to 38.8. Japan has gained where Britain has lost. Japan's export trade with the British Empire is increasing more rapidly than her trade with any other international group. Her sales to England alone in the years 1925–36 rose by 100 per cent; her purchases from England in the same period decreased by 50 per cent. If those figures reveal obstruction or discrimination, it is not on England's side.

The charge that Britain has attempted to check Japan's commercial expansion is a complete illusion, as the figures prove. Britain is, like Japan, a trading country. She has always stood for the maximum of freedom of trade and shipping. She was the last

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country to impose import tariffs. Even today her tariffs are small and her ports and coastal shipping routes are open to the trade of all nations. But it was only as a war measure that Japan a few months ago temporarily admitted British ships to a small share of her coastal traffic. I will conclude this part of my reply by a table showing some of Japan's exports last year (in millions of yen):—

British Empire.....	882.9
United States.....	639.4
Germany.....	47.2
Italy.....	43.2

When they study these figures, my Japanese friends will agree that there is a solid foundation on which to rebuild Anglo-Japanese friendship; and I hope they will share my astonishment at the accusations that we are closing our door to Japanese trade.

As to the British position in China, it is a matter of history that England was the pioneer in opening that country to foreign trade, and that in the course of many years she has built up large interests there. But we have never claimed a special position, and neither the earlier establishment of British interests nor their greater extent, compared with Japan's, have prevented Japan's economic development. If Japanese trade with China has not expanded as rapidly as Japan wishes, British policy has not been responsible. Our policy is simply that of the open door and international coöperation. We have always been ready to coöperate with Japan. When Sir F. Leith-Ross was sent out, he came to Japan first. The choice for Japan in China seems to us to lie between an attempt at domination and an acceptance of coöperation. We have offered coöperation; it has been refused, and the prevailing unrest in England concerning Japan's policy is due to a fear that Japan seeks domination. That is the fundamental issue. Is Japan's policy in China one of cooperation, or one of strategic and economic domination? Britain has always been willing to coöperate, but if she is confronted with a policy of domination she must oppose it in defense of her own interests.

III. Chinese Mother

By Richard Goodman

From the *Left Review*, London Marxist Monthly

When the Japanese took Peiping, the Communist Party sent Chao Tung to Mentowkow. There were miners in Mentowkow, and students who had fled from Peiping when the Japanese came, and there, too, were soldiers from the 29th Route Army. The soldiers had arms. Chao formed them—miners, students and soldiers—into fighting detachments. These detachments he then formed into companies.

At first they would raid the Jap outposts only at night. They got rifles and grenades that way. Then, growing bolder and stronger, they ambushed Japanese convoys and got more arms. Then they attacked by day.

Soon Chao had two thousand fighters, and it was not long before the

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peasants, from old men to young lads, were joining his detachments. By November he had 6,000 men, so that the Japanese sent 10,000 men and airplanes against him. But they did not find Chao, nor any of his fighters, nor any of the captured arms. They did not find Yang Chu-lin, the professor from Peiping University, either. Yang had 2,000 men, workmen and students from Peiping and men of the 29th Army, and coöperated closely with Chao.

Chao keeps in touch with the 8th Army; with Chu-teh and his field-commander, Peng Teh-huai. From them he receives directions, political guidance, and, occasionally, arms. And he keeps in touch, too, with his mother, who goes from village to village rousing the peasants, recruiting them for what she calls her son's 'assorted army.'

Chao's mother prefers to be known by her maiden name, Feng Wen-kou. She is sixty-seven. Under her silver hair her face is rough and deeply furrowed like the earth she once tilled in Manchuria.

When the Japanese conquered Manchuria, they took away her husband's lands. Chao and his wife and young Chao Tung and the eight girls knew hunger then, and hunger burned their hatred of the Japanese into action: they became 'volunteers'—or 'bandits,' as the Japanese call them.

For two years they played deadly hide-and-seek with the Japanese patrols in northern Kirin, and all of them learned to shoot fast and shoot to kill.

Young Chao Tung became a partisan leader and joined the Communist Party. Then, with the Japanese hot on their trail, they moved south to Weihsien on the Shansi-Chahar border. All, except Chao Tung. He went on fighting. In Weihsien they started farming again. Feng Wen-kou thought that at last she would end her days in peace. But scarcely had they gathered three crops before the Japanese were on the march again. Once again the Chaos were forced to abandon their lands.

Feng Wen-kou called a family conference then. She spoke of her son, fighting now at Mentowkow, where the Party had sent him, as a regular guerrilla fighter. She told how there could be no peace for any of them until the Japanese were driven out of their country. She asked her husband what more could they lose, he and she? She spoke to her daughters, recalling the volunteer days in Kirin. She spoke again of her son. So it was decided. They would join Chao Tung.

II

Feng Wen-kou is a great organizer. Under her apron she carries two Mauser revolvers. She can use them both at the same time. And she doesn't miss.

She goes from village to village. She tells the peasants of the Kirin days, of the way the Japanese come and what happens then, and of her son who is fighting the Japanese.

'There can be no peace,' she tells them, 'till the Japanese go from China.'

The peasants listen, and then they go with her to her son, taking their places alongside the students from Peiping, the miners of Mentowkow and the soldiers of the 29th Army.

Feng Wen-kou gets arms as well as men for her son. There is seldom a lone Japanese garrison, there is seldom

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a single enemy convoy, but word of it is brought to her. It is then, with a picked band of men, that she pays one of her 'courtesy calls,' as she terms them, returning, not with flowers, but with rifles and munition.

Once she was in a village when the Japanese came. She hid her Mausers under her apron and squatted by the roadside. The Japanese kicked her and passed on. They had no use for 'an old hag.' But she had for them and she got them later.

Once, too, in a northern Shansi town, where she was urging mass resistance to the Japanese, the Chinese peasants also thought she was only an old woman.

'What do you know of fighting, you, an old woman?' they asked scornfully.

But Feng Wen-kou has no time for argument. It is evening and she calls the peasants to follow her. Beyond the town they go, until they see, there on a hill, silhouetted against the sundown, a Japanese mounted patrol, three men. Without speaking, she draws her Mausers from under her apron, aims and fires. Two of the horsemen fall at once. The third flees.

More than 200 peasants and farmers from that town are fighting in her son's army.

Recently she went to Hankow to get more supplies for her son's band of partisans. She traveled there in a train crowded with refugees, with their bundles, their children, all they could gather before the Japanese came. People took her for a refugee, too, for they could not look under her apron where the Mausers hung. And there was no one waiting to meet her. But when, a few days later, she left for the North again, army commanders saw her off and, as the train jerked uneasily out of the station, they all stood at attention, saluting.

Hankow was an experience for her, but her visit was more of an experience for Hankow. For Feng Wen-kou is used only to the society of fighters. The way things are done in Hankow does not quite meet with her approval. She is asked repeatedly to dinners. Dinners! It is almost as if they had not heard of the war in Hankow. She turns down all the invitations.

Another time she is asked to attend a meeting called by prominent Chinese women. First one woman talks, and then another, and then a third. At last Feng Wen-kou loses all patience. Suddenly springing to her feet, she bursts out:—

'Yes, you all know why China is fighting Japan. You don't have to be told any more about it. But in the villages there are many people who still don't know. Why don't you go there, to the villages, and talk to the peasants instead of jabbering like parrots in a comfortable room?'

The ladies, astonished, become suddenly silent.

On the day she is to leave Hankow, they send a car for her to her lodging-house. This shocks her too.

'What,' she exclaims, 'a motor car! Just think what my men would say if they were to hear that I'd been riding around in a car. They might even think I'd grown rich and forgotten them, and them fighting the enemy there in the bitter North.'

And she walks to the station.

Chao Tung has an army of 20,000 now and their main body is moving along the Peiping-Suiyuan railroad towards Chahar. And in the villages, recruiting for him, goes his mother, with her Mausers under her apron.

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Mme. Harry and her friends call on the wives of Sultan Abd el Karim.

Visit *to a* Harem

By Miriam Harry

Translated from *Temps*
Paris Semi-Official Daily

ADEN was hot that morning. I had taken refuge from the sun underneath a plumed *panka* held by a Somali lad and was sipping iced ginger beer.

'Since your steamer has been delayed,' said M. Alfred, the owner of the hotel, 'you ought to take this opportunity to visit the Sultan of Yemen.'

'The Sultan of Yemen? You mean the Imam Yahya at Sanaa?'

'No, not at Sanaa. That trip would be too long and it might also be too complicated. I mean the Sultan Abd el Karim, whose palace is at Lahedj.'

'Lahedj? In that little village?'

'An amazing little village. It is in a magnificent oasis in the desert, thirty kilometers from here. And you can go there by car. It would take less than a day to get there and back.'

I looked at the square, which shimmered beneath the sun, and at the infernal circle of reefs around the port.

'Is it worth the trouble in this heat?'

'At least it will be cooler than here. Abd el Karim is the last great Arab nobleman, a thoroughbred and very generous. Unluckily, the bug of civilization has already bitten him and he finds himself hesitating between his loyalty to Moslem traditions and his ambition to imitate the princes of Europe. At Lahedj he still lives with his harem like a simple Bedouin. But here in Aden he has built a palace that is nothing less than a copy of Versailles. It has a gallery of mirrors, theater auditoriums, a central refrigerating system and a hundred guest-rooms with running water.'

'Is he a Crœsus then, your Abd el Karim?'

'He is the richest prince in Arabia. His income is said to be one hundred million francs. On his lands there grows the *quat*, you know, the so-called "shrub of dreams," from which is made the chewing gum that is in great favor among the Yemenites and the Ethiopians. That brings in a lot of money. Then the caravans coming from Sanaa and Hadramaut all pass

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through Lahedj, and both the traffic and the tariff have been increased these last few years. Besides, the Sultan receives a subsidy from Great Britain, whose planes on occasion, however, have had to bomb the possessions of this Moslem Knight of Saint Michael and Saint George. By the way, he also has the Order of the British Empire.

'You never can tell what will happen. Now that Ethiopia belongs to the Italians and that Imam Yahya is tottering on his throne, Abd el Karim with his 150,000 subjects, who are pretty good warriors, is not to be taken lightly. As a matter of fact, in 1915, when the Turks wanted to take Aden, he sided with the British, and it may be that he is responsible for the fact that the British still have these reefs, which are more precious to them than the Rock of Gibraltar. . . . Look, there is the Sultan himself! He is about to board the British destroyer.'

And I saw going down to the pier a man of about fifty years, not very tall, but slim, in a long white linen coat. He carried himself well. He held his small head with its great purple turban so high that he made one think of a thoroughbred Arab steed, which, according to an Arab saying, will commune only with the sun and the stars. He was followed by a Negro who carried an umbrella. By his side walked his Vizier, whose coat and turban were exactly like his master's, but whose bare legs could be seen under his coat.

'Does he keep his harem in his Aden Versailles?'

'That I do not know. It is said that his ladies are sometimes bored in Lahedj and that they are glad to receive visits from European women. But you will be able to see that for yourself. Shall I get you a permit? Good. If you address the Sultan in English, call him "Sir," and if in Arabic, call him "Our King."'

II

A few of my fellow travelers joined the expedition and we took three cars one morning and started out through the streets of Steamer Point. It was so early that the water-carrier camels were still about their task. We passed Solomon's Well, the Tunnel of the Queen of Sheba, the salt mines, the Dutch windmills and the gardens of Sheikh Osman, where the 'chewers of dreams' foregather. Then we reached the frontier, where a blond young lieutenant examined our permit, counted heads and finished by asking us to have a drink with him when we came back. Then we left the imposing modern road to enter the territory of the Sultan, the Knight of Saint Michael and Saint George. We made deep tracks through the terrifying solitude of the desert sands, here and there relieved by bunches of trees with hard lacquered leaves, like those of the boxtree. We passed some ragged Bedouin women who were sweating under the burden of oil cans bearing the Shell trademark. Once more the emptiness of the desert. Then, suddenly emerging against the endless background of sand and perched high on the hunch of his camel, we saw a little old sheikh with black glasses, rocking underneath his blue parasol. Across his knees he carried a scimitar.

At last, gleaming white masses loomed on the horizon. 'The palaces of the Sultan and his son,' said the

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chauffeur. We passed walls and houses of clay; a ragged sentry demanded our permits before opening the gates; then we entered Lahedj and soon found ourselves in an enormous marketplace. We were immediately lost in a cloud of dust and our nostrils were assailed by odors of incense, thyme, camel and goat. This was a vivid and many-colored crowd: men with that fine-drawn, nervous tenseness of thoroughbreds, some of them in rags, others wrapped in magnificent cloaks, but all of them carrying great, crooked daggers which for some reason made one think of the beheading of John the Baptist. There were clay-colored camels, gazelles with turquoise collars, handsomely caparisoned mounts, blue falcons, women in indigo-colored clothes, hiding their faces in curious red and violet beaded frills, which they shook out as they walked, like preening peacocks.

Beyond the barbaric magnificence of this crossroad of all caravans in Southern Arabia stood the Sultan's Palace. We were struck by the splendor of its dazzling three-storied façade, which was crowned by an Attic pediment and surrounded by a colonnade, at the base of which was this inscription: 'Erected by King Abd el Karim in the year 1309 (1920).' But the King himself was not at Lahedj. He had been detained at Aden. He had telephoned his Chamberlain, however, and had given him instructions that we were to be welcomed and fed in his hunting pavilion.

'Sixty kilometers for that!' exclaimed a member of our expedition. 'These are the machinations of perfidious Albion. They don't care if we get sun-stroke in the desert, and they deliberately hold on to the Sultan in order to prevent us from interviewing him.'

'Is it possible to see the harem?' I asked our guide.

'The harem? That depends on the Grand Eunuch. If the ladies will be pleased to wait. . . .'

Our male companions went back to the bazaar and we four ladies sat down to wait beneath a bower of rambler roses that bathed their reflections in the pool. Half an hour later the Grand Eunuch arrived. He looked rather like a black gorilla. He was barefoot, wore a coat resembling a clergyman's frock and a red tarbush on his head. We followed him through a curious crowd of brown and white brats up a mysterious staircase to the highest story of the Palace and into an enormous hall. This Room of State, which, it seems, was designed to overawe the English tourists, contained countless mirrors, which reflected the dazzling chandeliers, and shelves loaded with glassware and, surprisingly enough, thermos bottles. Then we came to the reception room of the harem, which was long and narrow with a low divan running alongside the wall, beneath narrow grilled windows through which the perfume of rambler roses was wafted in on a delicious cool breeze.

III

Three women were seated on the divan when we entered: three pale, powdered, dignified ladies, who wore golden bands around their foreheads. The eldest sat in the middle. All three held green sprigs in their folded hands. A Negress crouched at the feet of each. From afar we exchanged marionette-like bows, which we repeated three times. By the time we

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had seated ourselves on the four chairs which were brought in from the Room of State, there were no longer three but six, twelve, twenty women on the divan, leaning against the wall or lying on rugs. White, ochre-colored, or with skins the color of *catechu*, none of them was really beautiful, but all were quite charming, with a sort of gentle gravity or calm melancholy. Five or six of them wore golden bands on their heads; the others were swathed in ravishing veils, each of a different hue, so that together they looked like a harmoniously arranged bouquet of flowers.

Who were they? Did they all belong to the same lord? I asked the interpreter, a Syrian woman, who crouched at an equal distance between us and the divan. She pointed with her finger at those wearing the golden bands and said: 'Daughters of the King.' The one in the middle she indicated as the Sultana. But the younger, the more graceful ones, swathed in their clouds of gaily colored muslin—were they the 'little wives?' I did not dare to question further.

Besides, every moment there were new arrivals of children and of Negresses carrying refreshments decorated with green sprigs like those which the first three ladies were holding in their hands. We learned that these were sprigs of henna, which were used to ward away evil spirits. Still another little green twig was served with a plate of sweets. That was sweet basil —'to perfume the brain.' And finally, with hot coffee, each one of us was given a water lily with long, nacreous petals and a heady scent.

'This is the Khadi, the Flower of Love. At night the wives pin it in their hair and then . . . and then . . .' said the Syrian, and all the ladies, enraptured, closed their eyes as if in some voluptuous dream. My three companions took off their topee hats, thereby revealing their short hair. How to pin the heavy talisman of love onto their short curls?

Mischievously, one of my companions indicates despair. The whole harem regards us with mute consternation. Alas for us! 'Alas for the short-haired women,' moans the interpreter. Finally, the Sultana, moved by generosity, announces: 'Tell them to console themselves. They can slip the Flower of Love under their pillows. The effect will be the same.'

Oh, how ingenious was the idea! The subtle spirit, the supreme intelligence of Her Excellency, the Sultana! Under the pillow? Of course, under the pillow! The short-haired women will just slip the Flower of Love under the pillow! Why did one not think of this before? Their cheeks flush, their eyelashes flutter, the veils slip down from their heads. Everyone is happy. A little Negro girl turns cartwheels for joy and the Frenchwoman, her hand on her heart, thanks the Sultana solemnly.

The ice had been broken. Our Syrian interpreter then went into the Room of State to bring in the phonograph, onto which she slipped a *frangi* (French) record. It was a foxtrot. Two of my companions, hoping to show their appreciation, put their arms around each other and began to dance. Our hostesses could not conceal their stupefaction. The whole harem was scandalized. Quickly the record was stopped and the phonograph was whisked back into the Room of State.

The chief wife said, after an embarrassed silence—and for the first

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time she addressed me directly: 'We Arabian women never dance ourselves but command our slaves to dance for us.' She clapped her hands together. '*Hennenah!*'

The woman whose function is to distribute the henna, but who also seemed to be perfumer, mistress of ballet and pander to voluptuousness—an enormous mass of elastic and oily fat—rose from her corner, stepped over half a dozen crouching figures and gave four kerchiefs to two girls, whose flying tresses were covered with a nacarat veil and whose wrists and ankles were decorated with tiny bells.

The Negresses rapped on their *derboukas*. The *hennenah* shook a tambourine. The princesses snapped their fingers, while the two girls danced. They stamped their feet without budging from one place, made their breasts, shoulders and bellies quiver and mimicked the fears and the transports of virgins, while the enormous *hennenah* sang, even as three thousand years ago King Solomon's harem sang to the fair Shulamite.

This went on for a long time. The Arabian ladies shivered with delight. My companions were frankly bored. All of us found this quivering and shaking as shocking and monotonous as the Yemenite ladies found the fox-trot. Happily, the Grand Eunuch came to tell us that we were awaited at the pavilion. The ladies of the harem did not seem to mind our departure, to judge by the alacrity with which all of them, even the Sultana, conducted us to the door. But before we left the Room of State, the Syrian interpreter gave each of us a gift from the princesses—the rich brocaded muslin veils that we had incautiously admired. We wrapped in them our little sprigs of henna and sweet basil and the intoxicating Khadi, the Flower of Love.

Et Pax Vobiscum

While the big electric works on the Shannon were in progress, a farmer's son of my acquaintance saw at a cross-roads outside Limerick a group obviously of foreigners, obviously in doubt as to their way; and he stopped with the kind notion of offering them a lift—for he was driving. But they knew no English, he no German, and he could not ascertain whether they wanted to go into the town or to the works or the river. Then a brain wave struck him and he said '*Quo vadis?*' Instantly one replied, '*Ad* Limerick.' So they got their lift.

—Stephen Gwynn in *Fortnightly*, London

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Retort

The Bishop of Münster, Count Clemens August von Galen, was preaching about the influence of the Church upon youth education. Suddenly, a uniformed Nazi got up and shouted: 'How should anyone having neither wife nor child dare to speak about youth!' Whereupon, the Bishop turned to the Nazi and said: 'In this church, I don't stand for any insulting remarks about the Führer.' Then he resumed his sermon.

—*Liechtensteiner Volksblatt*

Let Britain Beware!

Chiang Kai-shek is riding two horses, the Bolshevized horse of the Soviets and the economic horse of Britain. He is not driving these horses, but is being driven by them, especially the British horse. If an enemy wishes to shoot Chiang, he must shoot the horse first. Pro-British Japanese fear that Japan will be ill-treated economically and politically by Britain for having offended British feelings. Such is an unnecessary fear.

First, look at Japan's air force. Before the great feats of Japan's 'Eagle' air squadrons, British warships will be utterly powerless, as far as the Orient is concerned. Britain is not so foolish as to fight Japan. Japan should carry out her own policy, taking advantage of this opportunity, and demand of Britain reconsideration of her insolence. However, I am not a man advocating a 'Hate Britain' campaign. My argument is only that Japan should fight Britain, if she does not remedy her cunning policy.

—Shingo Tsuda, Japanese Textile Magnate, in *Kaizo*, Tokyo

All Quiet

One gets the impression that everything has quieted down. The railway cars stand quiet and peaceful in the stations. . . . German soldiers seem to feel quite at home and to have been affected by the famous Viennese *Gemütlichkeit.*

—Dispatch by a Viennese Correspondent to the *Pester Lloyd*, March 22

The 'Anschlüsse' of 1940

May 1: The festivals in Bucharest to celebrate the *Anschluss* were marked by the greatest enthusiasm. Four regiments commanded by Hitler crossed the frontier. Groups of Nazis ran through the city crying 'One people, one Führer!' In answer to a somewhat resentful remark by Prime Minister Chamberlain, Hitler declared that he came to Rumania upon the express demand of the German minority. 'Besides,' he added, 'it is none of your business.' Mr. Chamberlain has taken the matter under advisement.

June 1: Summoned by the German minority on the Islands of Sunda, Hitler has entered Java at the head of 90,000 troops. The new *Anschluss* was very quickly realized. The native Nazis hoisted the flag with the swastika to the now familiar cry of 'One people, one Führer.' This, of course, in good Javanese.

July 10: At the head of an army of 150,000 troops Hitler has entered Istanbul to proclaim the *Anschluss*. He declared that he entered Turkey upon the pressing demand of a German subject plying the trade of a tailor on the Golden Horn.

—Jules Rivet in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Cost Plus

Burmese or Assamese petrol is cheaper in London than in the country which produces it, cheaper even than in the oil regions where it is pumped and refined.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

Royal Whim

The millionaire Rajah buys his fourth Rolls-Royce, and his royal whim is helping mechanics, coachbuilders, shipbuilders, porters, chauffeurs and hundreds of other human beings in employment.

—Mr. Ivor Novello

For Your Refuge Room

1. A roll-call list of all who should be present. Applies particularly to office premises, or if the refuge room is to be shared with neighbors.

2. Table and chairs; washstand or basin;

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soap, towel, sponges, disinfectant; chamber pots, toilet paper.

3. A screen for privacy.

4. Water for drinking, washing, and for damping the door blankets.

5. Food chest; tinned food, tin opener; plates, cups, knives, forks, etc.

6. Books, writing materials, cards, toys, radio and phonograph.

7. Box of sand, shovel or fire-extinguisher.

8. A dark heavy curtain-hanging to obscure the light from the window, unless the window has been blocked; spare blankets for resealing the window if it should be blown in; a mattress, or mattresses, to protect the window and to lie on; blankets, rugs and warm coverings.

9. Paste of flour and water boiled with cloves to preserve it for sealing cracks and windows.

10. Sheets of thick brown paper, large enough to cover the windows; gummed paper, adhesive tape.

11. Candles, matches, hammer and nails, pieces of string, clean rags, needles, cotton and thread, scissors, an electric torch.

12. First-aid kit containing bandages, boracic lint, iodine, safety pins, second pair of scissors, smelling salts.

—From a leaflet distributed in Great Britain by the *Boots* chain of drug stores.

Erin Go Bragh?

The *Soldier's Song* has definitely supplanted the *Wearing of the Green* as the national hymn of Eire. However, these frankly anti-English verses are being sung to the tune of *Rolling Home to Dear Old England.*

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

British Prediction

Let us then predict that while Oxford may win the greater amount of events outright, Cambridge, at the end of it all, when pencils have finished totting up figures, will have drawn as near level as may be.

—*Times*, London

Proof Wanted

If the inevitability of poverty could only be proved, one feels that the Communist would abandon his program and the poor as well, whilst the Church would continue her good work, and go on loving the poor and uplifting them. The trouble with the Communist is precisely that he does not believe that poverty is inevitable. He will not accept the verdict of history because he is an evolutionist. Poverty for him is not in the nature of things at all, but is a material factor which can be abolished and ought to be.

—British *Catholic Times*

Brown Danube

An Aryan desires real estate offers. . . .

Aryan publisher and newspaper man, National Socialist, seeks. . . .

Does a non-Aryan enterprise desire responsible Aryan business man with capital as manager? . . . .

Nice, clean room with Aryan family, separate entrance, for rent. . . .

Aryan woman arranges marriages in high class circles. . . .

The firm of A. Gerngross has a purely Aryan management and purely Aryan employees. . . .

We herewith declare that our firm is and always was Aryan. . . .

Aryan banking house, Kathrein & Company. Business transactions of all kinds. . . .

Thalia laundry. Largest Aryan laundry in Vienna. . . .

The well known fashion store of Gerstel is under Aryan management. . . .

—Ads in Viennese papers on March 20th

Lunar Effects

There was a new moon on the second of this month which fell exactly opposite the place of Neptune. Hence we may expect a record outburst of spy mania all over the world, but particularly in England and the U. S. A.

—The British Prophet Naylor

The Eternal Scot

A Scotsman supplied a transfusion of blood to a millionaire, who sent him a check for £500. The Scotsman was pleased, and when he was told that the millionaire needed a second transfusion supplied that, too, and received to his disappointment only £50. A third time he was tapped for the millionaire and chagrined only to receive a check for £5. He went to the millionaire to protest: Why was he given £500 for the first transfusion and only £5 for the last? 'Oh,' said the millionaire, 'I've so much Scottish blood in me now that I can't afford more!'

—'Critic' in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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O'Faoláin finds hidden merit in 'Oh Yeah?'; how German women are regimented; and a search for Colonel Fawcett.

Miscellany

I. 'Oh Yeah?'

By Seán O'Faoláin

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

I HAVE discovered that there is something to be said for the expression *Oh yeah?* and I hasten to impart it. I have a friend whose garden is perpetually in danger of the ravages of wandering goats, against which she has never been able to induce tradesmen and visitors to close her gate. She began with a small notice, the usual one—'Please close the gate'—but with little effect. She stooped so low to conquer as to add, 'This means You'; but still without effect. Then she changed her mode of defense and attack. She put up a tiny notice just beside the latch. It read:—

Please do close the gate.
Goats are so destructive!

The other day I saw a small boy with a parcel halt as he entered the gate to read the notice. In my hearing he said, 'Oh yeah?' but he closed the gate.

As I pondered on this incident, I came to the conclusion that all such direct appeals, or commands, as 'Close the Gate,' (with or without 'Please') are uttered in a spirit of optimism, and that my friend's change of tactics was the sign of an entry into pessimism; that, furthermore, optimism does not always work, while pessimism may, because while irony ('Oh yeah?' is devastatingly ironic) is the husband of pessimism ('Please do close the gate' is surely uttered in a voice of despair!), charity (the closing of the gate) is the natural child of both. Finally, I thought as I walked away: 'In time all public relationships will depend on irony and charity. My friend's decline from hope is a pattern of history; and if "Oh yeah?", that Caliban grunt which is too wearily uttered to as much as move the lips, comes from America, that is merely an indication of the fact that history happens faster over there.'

In their Elizabethan age they, too,

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believed in direct methods. There was, for example, a man called Elbert Hubbard, who ran a handicraft business on the lines of the Kelmscott industries, which means that he ran a Ye Olde Curiositie Shoppe. When he wished to recover his debts he issued his accounts with what they call a 'sticker' affixed—a small piece of white paper bearing the single word, *Please!* After a month of vain hoping the sticker became blue with the print larger. If a third month passed without payment his sticker became red, and the word was in still larger print; but to *Please!* the disciple of William Morris now added the two words, *Damn you!* The Americans have since grown weary of trying to cope with their scurrying masses in that straight-from-the-shoulder manner, and have begun to fall back on such oblique methods as a dry sarcasm which is supposed to be characteristic of cowboy or Middle Western humor—the drawling humor of Mark Twain's public lectures. It manifests itself by altering such hopeful road-signs as *Drive Slowly* into the *blasé* hopelessness of *Say it with brakes and save the flowers.*

It may or not be cowboy humor. It seems to be very like the sorrowful mood of the London policeman sagged by Sisyphean labor—the policeman, for example, who strolled over to a motorist whose wheel had mounted the curb and said to him, in the best George Belcher manner, 'Doing a bit of shoppin'?' And, surely, 'Sez you?' like 'Oh yeah?' is in the same way nothing more than the popular expression of the weary *Weltschmerz* of our times; just as Oscar Wilde's 'too-too,' and 'too utterly utter' (acidulously rehabilitated by Mr. Waugh as 'too sick-making') was the aristocratic expression of the sighs and the sorrow of his *fin-de-siècle.*

But note how, in the last stages, pessimism recovers itself. Consider, for instance, the changed methods of the large advertiser. Once, when the tempo was slow and we could pause and look, the electric sign said, the whole night long, with bland emphasis, *B.O.X.O.*, and again, *B.O.X.O.*, and again and yet again, *B.O.X.O.* Then there were so many people winking out their words that, as Arnold Bennett said, places like Broadway at night would have been like fairyland if you only couldn't read. Then came the stage where it didn't matter whether you could read or could not read—nobody could see the words for the electricity. Finally they invented floodlighting (which, incidentally, has produced most beautiful effects in New York, where the buildings rise like Babylonian tulips out of the dark) and that reduced the direct appeal to the minimum.

Or, in print, observe the way in which advertisers can nowadays be almost reticent about their own goods, as with certain brands of petrol; or sarcastic—certainly ironic—as with a famous seaside resort that introduced itself in a recent number of the *Spectator* with the caption 'Is life worth living?' These are all confessions that the old method of bulldozing the public has failed. 'We really don't want to talk about our stuff at all,' say the advertisers, in effect, and to prove it they crack a joke. The public laughs. Then the advertiser says, 'And it isn't such bad stuff, after all, is it?' The public again laughs, and buys.

In other words, behind pessimism

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there is always optimism, or at least stoicism, and the history of the psychology of public appeal has led us to that point where the struggle between the masses and their rulers and exploiters would be a stalemate if the masses, touched by the stoicism of the rulers, did not grunt out their 'Oh yeah?'—and charitably close the gate.

'Oh yeah?' may be vulgar—actually it is no more vulgar than our 'You *don't* say so!' while it is more often good-humored than unkind, in spite of the talkies' efforts to make it an essential part of their Calibanese (and our children's very natural delusion that the phrase is the essence of wit). But, in any case, does not every wise reformer try to make a serum of disease, turning germs into a moral prophylactic, and such phrases as 'Oh yeah?' into slogans of goodwill?

II. Women in Uniform

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

A NEW type of German woman is being developed by the National Socialist régime. Instead of dancing, these new German women march; instead of cultivating their personal desires, they are active in party organizations and exercise self-discipline. 'Women in Uniform,' yes; but the uniform is psychological and intellectual rather than military. Externally, these symptoms of the change are conspicuous: emphasis on Nordic features, on the matronly type modeled after Magda Goebbels (who is so often used as a symbol of the German mother surrounded by her children) and on the mature Gretchen type personified by Emmy Göring and Gertrude Scholtz-Klink, leader of the Women's Guild. Woman as mother and bearer of the family stands in the center of the German woman's spiritual firmament. The working woman is regarded as being merely a transitional or emergency phenomenon. Marriage is the great aim of female existence, and motherhood its fulfillment.

How are these great aims of National Socialism being achieved? The most important single instrument for the political education of women from childhood on is the BDM, the Bund Deutscher Mädel, or German Girls' League, whose goals were recently described in these words: 'The task of the BDM consists in educating girls in such a way as to make them the exponents of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* (outlook) and to create a new type of girl in whom body, mind and spirit are in harmony. We want to mold proud girls who will later choose fighters as their mates.'

The program is carried out, on the one hand, by 'spiritual,' that is, political, training, and on the other hand, by physical training—not only by sports but also by nursing, household training and social work. In order to encourage girls to enter the BDM and to live according to its program, an efficiency badge is being issued during the year 1938, which can be worn by any girl over sixteen who shows enthusiasm and ability. Among the qualifications required are proficiency in various branches of sport, familiarity with the main points of Nazi ideology

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and the ability to conduct community evenings. These evenings take place once a week and are a part of the general political training. The girls must participate in them, apart from the regular periods devoted each week to sports, games and outings. Finally, all applicants for the silver efficiency badge must have passed a course in health service and air raid protection.

In their seventeenth year the girls must undergo an additional training course in nursing and in more intensive air raid duties. From the eighteenth to the twenty-first year only one hour of instruction a week is obligatory, so as to leave the girls sufficient time for their jobs or professions.

According to the latest decree of Baldur von Schirach, the Reich Youth leader, girls from seventeen to twenty-one are to be organized in a special 'BDM Faith and Beauty Project.' Its purposes are to promote physical culture through sports, to develop grace through instruction in dancing, to teach the girls the secrets of hygiene and charm—in short to make them strong, beautiful, proud and self-reliant. In connection with the 'Beauty Project,' German fashion experts have designed a new BDM uniform and also a special type of gala uniform for the leaders.

During this period many girls must pass through the Labor Service, or compulsory work year, for which the female Labor Service today maintains 600 camps in 13 administrative districts. The compulsory year serves both an idealistic and practical purpose. It provides, of course, an opportunity for physical and political instruction, and it is designed to promote a uniform social consciousness by bringing together in one community the future professional women and future women workers. In a practical way the female Labor Service supports the farmers and settlers, assists the farmer's wife during the harvest period and, finally, provides substitutes for female workers in factories so that they can take a four-weeks' vacation.

II

Although the Third Reich claims that woman's place is in the home, thus reviving the old Prussian slogan of *Küche, Kinder und Kirche* (with the exception of the third K), the employment of women has not decreased but increased in recent years. This situation has developed because of increased industrial activity and because cheap labor cannot be dispensed with in certain fields. There has even been an increase in the employment of married women. Today, in fact, 25.5 per cent of all industrial workers are women. Among the professions, however, there has been a marked decrease in recent years.

The training of the older German women is supervised by the National Socialist *Frauenschaft* (Women's Guild), which, apart from offering a training course in Nazi doctrines, also gives instruction in sewing, nursing and air raid protection and educates the older generation of women in their duties as active members of the National Socialist community. It is hard to ascertain how far the aims outlined above have been carried out among this older generation. There is less uncertainty about the girls, for the BDM is compulsory and the entire school system must support its program.

As yet, however, this new way of

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life—in which the German woman is so entirely placed at the disposal of the national community—by no means affects everybody. A large majority of the women remain outside of these organizations and live their own lives, devoting themselves to their work, their families and their personal interests. Yet many are forced to belong to the National Socialist Women's Guild, if, for example, the husband is a civil servant or the woman herself holds a government post. For still others membership is a matter of prestige and ambition, and they desire to play a part in the life of their country. Among them are many Guild leaders who were prominent in women's organizations before Hitler came to power.

III. River of Mystery

By Stuart Martin

From the *Wide World*, London Adventure Monthly

SO MANY people have heard references to Colonel Fawcett, without knowing just how and when he disappeared, that it may be worth while recalling the incident. Fawcett, accompanied by his son Jack and another young man, named Raleigh Rimell, started across Bolivia in 1925 to seek a lost city of fabulous wealth. The fate of the little party is still unknown; they vanished in that vast tract of unexplored country that lies about the sources of the Xingu and Araguaya Rivers.

To begin with, I should explain that the pronunciation of the mysterious Xingu doesn't seem to have much connection with the way it is spelled. It is pronounced 'Shing-goo.' Moreover, although it is about twelve or thirteen hundred miles long, only about a hundred miles of it are navigable by launch or anything larger than a canoe—if you enter from the Amazon.

Colonel Fawcett and his party left the town of Cuyaba with the object of reaching the Serra do Roncador, or 'Snoring Mountains,' where they expected to discover their legendary city. Following the same trail Fawcett had taken on a previous expedition, they reached Dead Horse Camp, a spot where one of Fawcett's animals had died during the former trip, and from here, on May 30th, 1925, the explorer wrote his final dispatch.

'Our two guides go back from here,' he stated. 'They get more and more nervous as we push farther into the Indian country. . . . I doubt if it will be possible (to send any further letters).'

That was the last message ever received from Fawcett. It is known that the two boys—both were only about twenty years old—were then in bad shape, suffering from sores on their legs. Traveling was painful and difficult.

Since those days all sorts of rumors have reached civilization. It has been reported that Fawcett, all alone, is a prisoner with an Indian tribe. He has lost his reason, but is treated as a kind of god. Other accounts state that he and his companions were killed by savages. This I am inclined to believe; I will tell you why.

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On one of my several trips to Brazil I determined, with a friend, to try to penetrate the Xingu and clear up the Fawcett mystery. When we reached Para, intent on searching for traces of the vanished explorers, we heard the ominous saying repeated on every hand: 'Nobody ever comes back from the Xingu country!' Only two men, so far as I am aware, have ever traversed the Xingu from source to mouth. Practically all the travelers who have attempted the journey started from the upper reaches, in order to take advantage of the flow northward toward the Amazon.

One of the two explorers who succeeded in accomplishing the trip was a German, who did it about fifty years ago. The second was a Brazilian naval officer, Commander Fortuna. Both suffered so severely that they were lucky to come out alive.

Our idea was not to follow the example of our forerunners, but to start the journey from the north. We soon discovered that many difficulties confronted us. It is true that one can get a steamer at Para to take one up the Amazon to Victoria. Beyond, however, steamboat or launch cannot proceed, for across the river between Victoria and Altamira is the first barrier—impassable rocks and rapids.

The real last link with civilization, however, is Porto Alegro, three days' canoe-trip farther on. When I say three days, I mean three days' traveling with the stream. When the waters are in flood with the rains, which start about the end of September, the rubber collected during the dry season can be brought down in three days. The return journey often takes thirty! At Porto Alegro one faces the jungle and the unknown, and it was there that we first realized the full meaning of the sinister warning: 'Nobody ever comes back from the Xingu country!'

II

This particular stretch of the Xingu is the home of an Indian tribe known as the Asuni. They speak a strange mixture of Portuguese and native dialect, and are supposed to be more or less civilized. They can't do without an occasional fight, however, so they make periodical raids on the Carajas living to the south. The Carajas, in due course, return the compliment—generally during the night-time.

We tried to get some of the Asuni to act as guides and to help in portaging our canoes and equipment past the cataracts. After a lot of bargaining several of them agreed to accompany us, on the strict understanding that they would not go beyond their own territory. They feared and hated all other tribes; and that is the state of affairs right along the Xingu. You may get help and guidance, but only for a short distance. So far as your main objective is concerned, you must blaze your own trail and fight your own battles.

If you decide to leave the river and try to cut your way through the jungle, your troubles merely multiply. You simply can't make headway with a large company, because it is impossible to carry enough food for them, and there is little game to be had. Should you decide to travel light, you run the risk of thirst and starvation in addition to all the difficulties and dangers of an untamed and most unfriendly wilderness.

On the river, barriers of rocks, whirlpools and cataracts do their utmost to

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impede your progress; in the jungle, insects, snakes and numberless other enemies actually do stop you. In places the Xingu is about a mile and a half wide; then, without warning, it contracts to less than five hundred feet, the vast volume of pent-up water rushing furiously through rocky channels bordered by hills that tower high above. In one of these rapids, while trying to force our way through against the stream, we lost our camera and a lot of stores.

'According to the best computations,' I remarked after the incident, as I stood dripping and shivering on the bank, 'the Xingu pours a hundred and forty thousand cubic feet of water per second into the Amazon. I believe it has poured about an hour's supply into me!'

Nobody answered—nobody, that is, except the howler-monkeys in the trees some distance off. These strange creatures all began to yell at the same moment. An Asuni Indian tried to explain to us, mostly by signs, that at certain times the males sit in the branches and apparently start a competition as to who can howl the loudest. Pandemonium reigns when they are in full chorus!

III

After our mishap in the rapids, the jungle took a hand at preventing our trip by unleashing myriads of insects. Ants of every kind lurk in the vegetation, always ready to raid one's stores. Umbrella-ants march along in regiments, each insect bearing a leaf, held above its head like a parasol. To watch them changing their abode in this way is to see what looks like a river of leaves moving along the ground.

Flying-ants attack every open tin and pack containing food. Stingless bees come in swarms. They can't sting you—but they can do everything else, clinging to your face, arms and legs; as fast as they are brushed off they come back again. Black spiders, some two or three inches long, are horrible creatures. The very hair on their bodies is poisonous; their bite causes sores which take a long time to heal.

Directly we cut away the tall grass, in our effort to make camp, we disturbed millions of venomous insects which immediately started to take toll for the invasion of their territory. A fire may help to keep off the mosquitoes for a while, but it is impossible to march and keep a fire going at the same time.

No horse, mule, or ox ever bred can endure these countless insect enemies; even the Indians suffer. But why is it that most of the jungle folk are practically immune from the fevers and illnesses that befall white men in these pestilential jungles? I heard one theory that I mention for what it is worth; I cannot vouch for its truth.

It is claimed that there is something in the perspiration of the white—it may be salt, or some other property—which is entirely absent in the Indian. It is the perspiration that the insects feed on, and so the Indian escapes much of the suffering endured by the white man.

Probably the worst enemy of any living thing, however, lurks in the river itself—the piranha. There are piranhas in almost every South American river, and they are literally devils! I have seen three varieties—the green-and-gold ones of Paraguay, the shiny gray specimens of the Amazon, and the green-and-black-spotted demons of the Araguaya and Xingu. The na-

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tives eat them, but the quality of their flesh is nothing to brag about.

For a wounded ox or horse to fall into the river means certain death; it is also fatal for a human being to get among a shoal of piranhas, especially if there is any sore or wound on his body. Piranhas can scent their prey far away, and go literally mad at the taste of blood.

It is a sickening spectacle to see these fierce fish conducting a mass attack. The water around the unfortunate animal that falls into their clutch becomes a whirlpool, a maelstrom of death, boiling and foaming as the blood-crazed piranhas rush to the feast. They eat the flesh off the living victim until they reach the bones; soon nothing but the skeleton remains.

The Indians catch piranhas fairly easily by baiting their hooks with a bit of meat or newly-dead fish. When the creature is jerked ashore, it is still snapping viciously. As an example of the ferocity of the piranha I may say that it is a common custom to slice off the heads with a sharp knife—and even when this is done the jaws continue to snap at you! These demons are usually between eighteen inches and two feet in length.

The Indians living along the river are almost as savage as the fish and insects. The Bakaris, who speak a peculiar Portuguese *patois*, are perhaps the least dangerous; but the Anauquas are decidedly 'tough.' These Indians go naked save for a loincloth (and sometimes not that) and the women often cut their hair in a thick bob that hangs about their ears. Very shy at first, they soon tend to become much too familiar; they haven't the slightest hesitation in stealing anything they can lay their hands on. The men's weapons are mostly bows and arrows.

The Jurunas are the best of the lot. They are usually very friendly, and the men look like Sandows, with tremendously-developed arms and legs. That is the impression they give until you realize that the ligatures they are fond of wearing have the effect of making their muscles bulge, giving a suggestion of strength that is perhaps not quite accurate.

The Jurunas are the only Indians who raise bananas, potatoes and other eatables; and it is curious to note that they started their crops with seeds presented to them by some traveler of long ago. It is said that they believe this cultivation work pleases their tribal deities, and that one day a god will appear from the skies and shower them with blessings.

Whether one is traveling through the territory of the Jurunas, however, or that of some more hostile tribe, there is one point of etiquette that must be strictly observed. If, on the shores of a creek, or in a sandbank in the main river, one observes an arrow stuck into the ground, it is an indication that no stranger is wanted thereabouts. The shaft marks the private ground of some community of Indians, and to disregard it is to ask for trouble, for it constitutes a sort of international 'Keep Off The Grass' notice.

IV

Our expedition—like many before it and many since—was a failure. What lies behind and beyond the banks of the Xingu is still a mystery, and is likely to remain so for a considerable time to come. The legends that have grown up around this river are strange

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enough to stir the most sluggish imagination. I heard stories of 'lost' cities—the same tales that Fawcett heard and believed; stories of gold deposits of fabulous richness; and stories of weird tribes at the very mention of which other natives shudder.

One of these tales concerned a band of raiders which is said to live somewhere between the States of Para and Maranháo—ruffians who raid Indian villages, steal their few cattle, carry off their women, and crucify the men. These fierce outlaws belong to a tribe that has no name but is said to be led by a white man who speaks excellent Portuguese, wears a long beard, and takes the utmost care to conceal his face.

Read in a civilized environment, these stories may sound very much like the wildest nonsense; but in that vast, unexplored region known as the Matto Grosso, where the Xingu rises and is later joined by many smaller tributaries, anything is possible. It is indeed a land of mystery. In the future, perhaps, this blank area may be surveyed and mapped by the aid of airplanes. At present, however, any plane that had to descend in its fastnesses would probably never rise again.

The legends I have mentioned are not the only ones current in connection with the Xingu. Stories are told of a tribe of cannibals dwelling beyond the Kuluene River, which periodically raids toward the Xingu, slaying all whom it encounters. Even the Suyas are held to be tainted with this horrible custom. I cannot say if this is correct, but I do know that the Suyas are 'bad' Indians, who keep some of the other natives in a constant state of terror.

Describing by signs how these warriors attack, one of our guides performed quite a long pantomimic drama for my benefit. The Suyas, apparently, creep up behind a sitting man, grab his shoulders, put a knee against his back and then, with a sharp jerk, fracture his spine. By way of variation they have another method. They always approach from the rear, and this second trick involves pulling the victim down and smashing his skull in one quick movement. The Xingu tribes, when mentioning the Suyas, always rub the back of their heads.

It may well be that Colonel Fawcett met his end in this fashion. According to local gossip three tribes are suspected of his murder—the Suyas, the Kalapalos and the Anauquas. Against the various accounts of his death, however, must be set the stories which claim that he is still alive, deep in the wilds—a lone man who has been made a god.

Whatever fate befell him, I am certain that one disappointment must have been his. Fawcett hoped to find his lost city somewhere in the Serra do Roncador, or Snoring Mountains. There are no Snoring Mountains; the range does not exist! The well-equipped expedition led by Commander Dyott got within four days' march of where Fawcett was last seen, but found no trace of these peaks, nor has any other traveler ever set eyes on them. What can a conscientious explorer do with a country that misplaces a whole chain of mountains?

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Aryan Music

By Ernest Newman

From the *Sunday Times*, London

With politics as such, of course, I have nothing to do. But there are times when politics have a close connection with questions of art; and musicians cannot help speculating as to what the recent absorption of Austria by Germany may ultimately mean for music.

It is evident at once that henceforth Austria will have to go the same way as Nazi Germany in all cultural matters; and that way is one that has perturbed thoughtful foreign observers for a long time. In the first place, we may take it for granted that the Jew will disappear as completely from music in Austria as he has already done in Germany; that the doctrine of the all-over superiority of the Germanic race to any other and the necessity of preserving 'race purity' in music as in everything else will now be put into still wider practice.

The part that this doctrine has played, is still playing and will be certain to play in the future can be realized only by those people in other countries who have followed German literature and German musical journalism during the last few years. The theory that the 'Germanic' race in general, and the German nation in particular, are the source and the repository of all that is valuable in modern civilization is by no means the product of the last decade or so. But it is since the Nazis came into power that the theory has passed from the field of learned speculation into that of national practice; and at some of the results of this transition the outside observer can only hold up his hands in blank astonishment. Some German scholars and several writers who are Germans but not scholars are hard at work rewriting musical history in terms of this racial prepossession, which the rest of humanity can only regard as fantastic.

Let it not be thought that the world can afford to smile at all this as the aberration of a few theorists, belonging to a nation that has always been a little inclined to let theory go to its head. The consequences of it for the future of music as an international art are vast; it is already manifest that it is going to produce a set of blind prepossessions and prejudices that will radically affect German judgment not only of the music of today and of the future but of the past.

Already there are people in Germany turning their virtuous backs on plain song because it is 'Semitic.' So, in a sense, it is: whatever modifications it underwent in the course of the centuries in the Western Church, it undoubtedly had its origin in Oriental habits of thought in general and in synagogue practice in particular. But for many musical thinkers of today the value of plain song consists precisely in its freedom from the habits of thought that have gradually led to the now too firmly established conventions of modern music —*i.e.*, the Western music of the last two centuries or so.

The entrenchment of our European music in tonality has gradually led to the stifling of melody in the fullest sense of the term, to its becoming a mere upper decoration of two or three basic harmonies, which harmonies exercise so strong a pull upon our invention that melody, in order to accommodate itself to their formal balance of design, has had to confine itself to a lamentably conventional pattern of two or four or eight bar phrases. The Time Spirit has revolted against that convention at last, and the last generation or two has witnessed a

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convulsive effort to rid music of a tyranny that had become insupportable. The freer rhythmical and accentual structure of pre-harmonic music has become one of the ideals of modern music, with the result that scholars have taken to studying the 'forms' of plain song with a new kind of interest. And now we are being told, in some German quarters, that we should turn our back upon plain song because it is 'Jewish!'

MUSICAL history, as I have said, is in process of being rewritten in Germany. The doctrine of the prepotency of the 'Germanic' race is sacrosanct and facts have to be brought into a new alignment in conformity with it. A quasi-religious importance is being attached to the common chord, as the basis of all real music, because this chord is supposed to be the product of the 'Germanic' race, and a discovery possible only to it. To that race is attributed everything vital in musical history; accordingly one of two things has to be done with non-German composers of the past—either they must be brought, by hook or by crook, into the racial orbit of 'Germanism,' or they must be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders as of far less importance in the history of music than has hitherto been supposed.

A composer, past or present, becomes, for the victims of this delusion, of diminishing significance as it becomes more evident that by no sophistry can he be made to appear 'Germanic.' Above all, the Jew, whether as composer or performer, must be blotted out from the 'Germanic' landscape; and almost everything that is wrong with that landscape, in the opinion of these fanatical theorists, is to be attributed to the malign influence of the Jews. This delusion sometimes takes the strangest forms. For the whole musical world, until quite lately, Joachim, for instance, stood as the noblest type of German musician. But within the last few weeks we have been treated to the spectacle of a German writer calmly attributing Joachim's advice to Clara Schumann not to allow her husband's violin concerto to be published to the fact that truly German music was, and was bound to be, a sealed book to him because of his unfortunate racial origin!

It would be an impertinence on the part of foreigners to advise Germans in the matter of their domestic musical affairs; they have a right to do what they choose in these matters. But a foreigner cannot remain indifferent to the possible effect of the present German attitude toward music on the international future of the art. I have in view now not so much the executive as the creative side of it.

On the former side alone it seems to us outsiders, Germany will have to pay, and indeed is already paying, a heavy penalty for her ban on all performers who cannot show a hundred per cent Germanic pedigree; already one is becoming painfully conscious that the standard of German performance, from conducting to fiddling, is sinking to one of merely respectable mediocrity. But if the Germans do not mind this, it is no particular concern of the rest of the world, especially as other countries are at present benefiting by the services of performers whose racial or political 'taint' disqualifies them from coöperation in German musical life.

What is really the concern of the whole musical world, however, is the possible and probable result of this narrow racial doctrine upon the future of composition. It has hitherto been the glory of the German genius, as Wagner pointed out long ago, to assimilate what was best in the spirit of alien music and to put it to still better uses. Can it make in the future the marvelous progress it has made in the past if it restricts itself to a sort of racial in-breeding, if it rejects the more advanced musical thinking of other races as being at the best 'non-Germanic' and at the worst 'Jewish' or 'Bolshevik'? Time will show; but at the present moment it does

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not look as if the new 'purity' is on the way to producing results in musical composition anything as good as the old interfusion.

Pablo Picasso Leaves His 'Ivory Tower'

By Paul Westheim

Translated from the *National Zeitung*, Basel

A TREMENDOUS sensation was created at the Paris Exposition last summer when the Spanish Pavilion was opened and the public was confronted with Picasso's gigantic mural, *Guernica*. In the style of medieval fresco painting he depicted the massacre of Spanish women and children by Franco's bombers. Picasso, the Cubist, the Surrealist, the man in the 'ivory tower,' who all his life had struggled with the most subtle problems of art form, had suddenly taken a very determined political stand in the Civil War. His political convictions found further expression in a series of etchings entitled *Songes and Mensonges de Franco*, and in many pictures of protest which he exhibited in Paris galleries.

Three years ago, Carl Einstein, the German art historian, published a book about Georges Braque, in which he made an interesting attempt to prove that our idea of perspective, upon which the classical concept of European art within the last five centuries is based, is not a law of nature but rather an order created by man. It was, he argued, an order which emerged during the early Renaissance out of a certain sociological situation: the rise of capitalism. According to this theory, the attempts of Picasso and Braque to abandon the hitherto accepted perspective in favor of a new artistic order reveal a spiritual reorientation which coincides with a reorientation of social, economic and political relations. The author pointed out that those who object to any kind of interference with 'perspective' are the defenders of the 'existing order.' One may argue about this theory, but if one analyzes Picasso from this point of view one is confronted by something different from the unreal and irrational conception of '*l'art pour l'art*.'

Those who today propose that art and life, art and the masses, should be reconciled think mostly in terms of specific subjects: scenes from the life of these masses. They claim that it is not the form which counts, but the subject alone. It is not surprising that Picasso, in whose work such subjects did not hitherto exist, was frequently regarded as an æsthete, as living in an 'ivory tower.' For such critics, the Picasso of *Guernica* and the Franco etchings must have been a great surprise; it must have made them realize that Picasso, the Cubist, is much more truly revolutionary than painters like Meunier, who, while depicting the life of the workers, merely carried over the rather bourgeois and monumental tradition of nineteenth century art to a new subject, that of the workers and their work.

The case of Picasso proves how erroneous it is to try to grasp art merely from its subject. To do so would be the same as to reject Rembrandt as a 'Ghetto painter.'

The Novel of Ideas

By Sir Hugh Walpole

From the *Listener*, London

TODAY the most modern belief of what the novel ought to do is that it should be interesting in the matter of ideas. The modern novelist is out to give you new and arresting ideas. Now why do I think that that is not nearly as good a thing for the novelist to do as to give you characters? Of course, if he gives you characters *and* ideas, all the better, and there is no novelist of any great merit anywhere who does not give you some ideas about which you can think. But I believe that is really his own voice giving utterance to these ideas, and I think he might do that much better in

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some other form: in written philosophy, or what you please, history even, and, of course, in autobiography. And if he is going to create, he has to create outside himself; he won't have much time for planting his own ideas into his characters, because his characters will become unreal. They won't be naturally the vehicle of his ideas if they are independent people themselves.

For instance, in *Henry Esmond*, by Thackeray, you cannot imagine Beatrix speaking as Thackeray himself, a man of many years later, of a different kind of civilization almost; you cannot imagine her speaking as Thackeray would speak. You cannot imagine, for instance, that Mr. Pickwick was really the young Dickens, almost a boy, sitting and doing his journalism day by day, eager for life, full of vitality, but of a totally different vitality from Mr. Pickwick. And in my own novel writing I have found again and again that what really I am trying to do is to convey, translate, some of the reality that I feel to you; to give you some sense that you are sharing my belief in my people.

You know it is one of the tragedies of a novelist's life that while he is writing day by day, he is so implicitly believing in the reality of his characters, he goes on month after month in their company, loving them and caring for them; and naturally he feels that they are real. Even in the case of my last book I postponed finishing it almost a year and a half longer than I needed because I had this great affection for my characters in that particular book. I knew that the moment I had finished they would be gone, never to return. In a way I hand them over to you, and because I feel that way, I naturally have a sort of sadness, as you do when you are saying good-bye to your friends.

Hamsun under Fire

ACCORDING to Dr. Sigurd Paulsen, the Stockholm correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, there has recently been a great deal of agitation against Knut Hamsun in his Norwegian homeland. Hamsun is being branded as 'immoral' and as a seducer of youth. It all started this way. The German film *Victoria*, which was based on the author's early book, was recently released in Norway and was very well received in all the large moving picture houses. Then the picture was distributed to the small-town picture houses, and one day, without the slightest warning, a rural magistrate forbade its showing. The Oslo *Aftenposten* featured the case on its front page as a mild sensation, and an interview with the magistrate in question was obtained. It was a very unsatisfactory interview since he merely mumbled something about youth having to be protected against such demoralizing influences.

Immediately the 'Inner Mission,' a welfare organization, through its various publications took up the matter and organized a systematic campaign against Hamsun. Not only the unfortunate *Victoria*, but all the author's works are under the severest scrutiny. 'Cases' are brought into the discussion: for instance, that of a young butcher who is said to have come across one of Hamsun's books. He liked it so much that he read all the others. Finally he became so obsessed by the author's ideas, so moody and unbalanced, that he committed suicide. 'His suicide,' wrote one of the newspapers campaigning against Hamsun, 'was merely the logical conclusion to be drawn from Hamsun's ideas.'

Despite Hamsun's well-established reputation, the damage already done to it by this campaign waged by Puritans and enemies of his literary work, is considerable. There is also a political aspect to be considered, since Hamsun's radical nationalist attitude is well known. His vigorous attacks upon opponents of the Third Reich have also contributed to make him unpopular. Hamsun has not yet deigned to defend himself.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A World Commonwealth

The World's Design. *By Salvador de Madariaga. London: Allen and Unwin. 1938.*

(G. M. Young in the *Sunday Times*, London)

A JEWISH correspondent writes to deprecate a recent observation of mine, and in so doing raises a question of much wider importance than the actual point at issue. An Eton boy is reported to have written home to his mother: 'The boy next to me believes all the articles of the Athanasian Creed. What attitude should I adopt?' In such matters one naturally turns to Dr. Johnson for guidance. Boswell once asked him whether he might go to a consultation with a client on Sunday, and Johnson replied that when Boswell was a man of sufficient eminence to make his going or not going remarked, he should not go. Till then he might follow the way of the world.

Now, when the boy next to me, Dr. Goebbels to wit, says: 'Since we Nazis are convinced that we are right, we cannot tolerate anybody who contends that he is right. For if he too is right, he must be a Nazi, or, if he is not a Nazi, he simply is not right,' what attitude should I adopt? If I commanded the lightnings of Ferney and had all Europe for my auditorium, I could make Dr. Goebbels look exceedingly ridiculous. But, as things are, I think it is better to sit quietly in my corner and try to understand why it is that Dr. Goebbels, who, from his title, must have received some sort of education, has never grown up.

Well, I have said my say: I told the Germans three or four years ago that if they wished me to regard them as a great nation, they must proclaim an amnesty for the past and promise toleration for the future: and, as they haven't done either, I suppose they don't care whether I regard them as a great nation or not. Which, after all, is very much what I should have expected. But great and greatness are question-begging terms. Let me put it another way. No one who recalls the first impact of German intelligence on his own (with me it was Ranke, on a day never to be forgotten) can ever cease to regard the German genius with something like veneration. But if you withdraw that genius from Things and set it to work with People, you cannot avoid making the observation that Germany, like Dr. Goebbels, is not grown-up; and reading Señor Madariaga's book, I found myself wondering once or twice what, in the World Commonwealth, is to be the equivalent of Borstal (the British system for reforming juvenile delinquents).

In any argument, if you start with a false assumption, the more correctly you reason the further astray you will go. In fact, one of the advantages of being illogical is that, as some of your assumptions are quite certain to be false, you may, by taking the wrong turning, get back into the right path. Now, early in his book, Señor Madariaga writes: 'It is a matter of mere common sense that nations must be compatible with the world —*i.e.*, that the highest interest of every nation at any historical moment must coincide with the highest interest of organized mankind at the same moment. If the patriot denies this he does so at his own risk.'

I am not going to deny it. But I certainly question it, because it seems to me that the theorem would be true only for nations on approximately the same level of maturity. I will explain the word later. In the meantime, I ask: Granted that your vision of the World Commonwealth would have been acceptable to Lessing and Goethe in the eighteenth century, would it have been equally acceptable to

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Mazzini in the nineteenth? Would he not have said: 'In the final stage, yes; but we Italians are several steps behind in the necessary and preliminary stage of nation-building. Italy is a Thing Becoming. Only when it is a Thing in Being, can we profitably discuss whether its highest interest coincides with the highest interest of organized humanity. There is no one historic moment. Simultaneously the nations are standing at different historic moments.'

By full maturity I mean a condition of things in which, on the whole, affairs are regulated by the standards of the ordinary, well-informed and well-balanced man of the day. In matters of speculation he will be that Sensible Man to whom Aristotle gives the casting vote in ethics. In point of character he should resemble the 'person of ordinary firmness and courage' whom our law invokes to decide whether an assembly is lawful or unlawful: or the 'good householder using diligence in his affairs' of Roman jurisprudence. And the defense of popular institutions has always been based on this: that, along with a lot of friction and much loss of time, they succeed in eliciting this man's opinion and giving it effect. In a well-ordered State the hypothetical central man is king, and if he and his royal neighbor largely agree, then their States are at the same degree in the scale of maturity.

You and I, let us suppose, belong to this order of Central Men. Imagine now that an International assembly were to be formed, each member sending two delegates of that order, chosen by lot, and the lot fell on us. To what extent should we be prepared in advance to find our views of the 'highest interest of humanity' coincident with the views of the German pair, the Russian pair, and so forth, down, if you like, to the Abyssinian pair? My conjecture is that while we were on topics of professional interest, the accord, even between the remoter pairs, would be much greater than we had anticipated; but that as soon as we got among larger issues we should be astonished at the divergences. Like the nations we represented we should all be at different minutes on the historic clock, some of us at different hours. I can, for instance, well imagine the Russians saying: 'In some ways we admire your skill in making such old-fashioned machinery work; but it is so old-fashioned, your politics and your philosophy are so primitive, that we cannot regard you as equally qualified with ourselves to say what the highest interest of humanity, or even your own, really is.'

In other words, at what one may call the political, as opposed to the administrative, level, the hypothetical central human being, whose will alone can create the World Commonwealth, is himself today only a Thing Becoming. But so far as he is a Thing in Being, I agree with Señor Madariaga that he is more like an Englishman than anything else, and few people in this country, I think, will be able to read the closing section of his book without some stirrings, not so much of conscience, perhaps, as of self-confidence and aspiration. Only, we have been disappointed, or, if you like, deceived, before, and we shall be so again, unless we keep clear in our minds the distinction between the levels at which particular things can or cannot, at a particular moment, be done.

When you ask, with Señor Madariaga, if it is desirable that there should some day be an International administration of Central Africa, a World Bank, a World Trade Commission, and so forth, then you really can start thinking to some purpose; and as you think—here I am convinced Señor Madariaga is entirely right—you will find what I have called the professional interest in getting the problem properly solved gradually dominating all others—gradually substituting the disinterested, rational, exploratory type of mind for the acquisitive, the dogmatic, the authoritative; and coöperation for control. It will be a slow process, and

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it will breed mischief of its own, just as arterial roads breed road hogs. But as we are the only living creatures who can do things that way, it is a safe guess that that is the way we were meant to do them.

Stürmer Céline

Bagatelles pour un Massacre. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Paris. Denoël et Steele. 1937.*

(M. Georg in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Paris)

THE petty forms of early anti-Semitism, which could still be rationally comprehended as to cause and effect, are beginning to take on mythical stature. As in Faust's study, a small yapping mongrel has grown into an intangible, all-engulfing specter in which human and brute traits fade into each other. It is a tragic fact that the world, and with it the majority of the Jews, have not yet seen that the real Jew-baiters are today no longer solely motivated by envy, by political and economic considerations, but that they are charged with the irrational explosive forces of an incurable dementia. It is no mere accident that neither the author of *Mein Kampf*, nor the octogenarian Cuza have ever talked with a Jew. They studiously avoid the necessity of having to correct themselves because of some human contact. Anti-Semitism is today propagated by the same means that were once used against witchcraft. We know how strongly certain assertions, if constantly repeated, affect not merely the faithful—that is self-evident in view of the tremendous extent of this mass hypnosis—but also outright unbelievers. Indeed, even the Jews, despite their natural revulsion, sometimes experience a subtle infiltration of anti-Jewish prejudices. But here we enter the field of psycho-pathology.

There is no need to marshal an array of arguments against Louis-Ferdinand Céline's new book, which the publisher has printed in sweet harmony with such authors as Aragon, Dabit or Louise Hervieu. The book was overdue. In his poisonous pamphlet against Russia, *Mea Culpa*, Céline indicated that he still lacked certain 'hatreds.' He felt sure, he added, that they existed and that he would find them. Those who knew him were aware that he was preparing an incredible anti-Semitic work, busily combing anti-Semitic pamphlet literature for whatever that cesspool would yield.

The result is a mountain of refuse and slander, a compendium of absurdities, served up by one who is a genius at vomiting forth his hatred of the world.

It is not the clear, cool hatred of the thinker, or of the fighter for freedom and justice. It is the hot fury, the impotent anarchic, measureless and utterly aimless hatred of the diseased mind, irrevocably seized by the demons of confusion, by ignorance of the meaning of his life. Céline's earlier works revealed that he simply lied, that he presented the most subtle descriptions of pseudo-realistic events and adventures which he could never have experienced. Even in conversations, this physician, who performed his work for the sanitary division of the League of Nations so objectively, would suddenly become obsessed by a mania in which reason disappeared and gave place to a wandering, aloof, murderous secondary Céline.

Céline might have become a great realist of French literature, a creator and a prophet. But he became intoxicated with the odor of offal, with exposed nakedness for the sake of nakedness, and he scratched the scabs of leprous men and places because it gave his nails a feeling of satanic relief. In this witches' sabbath of anti-Semitism he has now mounted the throne as a master, and it would be only in keeping with his style if the smaller demons were to pay him abject obeisance.

Streicher has found his master. In more than 350 pages everything that has ever whispered along anti-Semitic lines now snorts, shrieks, croaks, spits and whistles in every key. 'This book will sell,' Louis-

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Ferdinand writes somewhere. 'Critics will read it, but let them . . . . upon it as much as they like. I have already out- . . . . ed them. I submerge them altogether and shall have the last word.'

'One does not judge a sick man,' writes Loiselet, the Paris critic. He does not know that such a book is a focus of infection of unusual virulence (for racism has subjected man's mind for years to a barrage of refined stultification). Mentally, Céline is a criminal; he is out to mislead the average reader—as he openly admits. He leads him on with quotations. He reproduces a large portion of the forged Protocols of the Elders of Zion. He selects as chapter headings the 'Talmud Quotations,' which have been proved to be forgeries a hundred times over; and in between he suddenly inserts harmless statements by Disraeli and Wickham Steed, which, in that particular context, are given an entirely different and sinister light.

Withal, Céline is completely ignorant. Let one small example serve for hundreds of others: he writes repeatedly of a Sir John Radcliff, supposed to have been murdered because of his revelations concerning Jews. He means, of course, John Retcliffe, the German postal official Goedsche, whose weird imagination invented the conspiracy in the Jewish cemetery at Prague. He was never murdered, but Céline firmly believes in these idiotic fantasies just as he believes that Sinclair Lewis, Shaw, Faulkner, Wells and Huxley are in the pay of the Jews.

Céline's insanity is of the totalitarian sort. The Jews instituted the Crusades with the purpose of destroying Christianity; they are behind the pilgrimage to Lisieux and behind the Pope; they are about to conquer Fascism; Lenin, of course, was a Jew.

All this is brewed together into a stew which probably no reader, not even the most rabid Jew-hater, can drain at one sitting. For even the Jew-hater, if he still adheres to a belief that twice two makes four, would grow dizzy at the total absence of logic of a man whose grasp of the world is that of a lunatic—a man who has relinquished the most primitive capacity for discernment together with all his inhibitions.

Barely half a year ago Balder Olden, in a discussion of Céline's *Mea Culpa*, wrote: 'There is no more hope at this sickbed; here lies a noble spirit destroyed.' One can only add that Céline, with this pogrom-inciting opus, whose title shamelessly admits its goal, has turned from the suppressed sadism of disease to outright criminality.

Fallada Among the Wolves

Wolf unter Wölfen. *By Hans Fallada. Berlin: Rowohlt Verlag. 1937.*

(Kurt Kersten in the *Wort*, Moscow)

From several unsuccessful flights into fairyland, Hans Fallada has returned to reality and is trying to gain a new foothold. The result is a novel of twelve hundred pages, set against the background of the great German inflation. Fallada seemingly returns to the point from which he started out in his first successful novel, *Peasants, Bosses and Bombs*, which justified the belief that he might become a responsible, realistic writer and create comprehensive and critical studies of post-War German society.

After Hitler's accession to power, Fallada preferred to remain in Germany. He renounced all opposition and jumped on the bandwagon. For some time his writing consisted of fairy tales like that about the *City Clerk Who Flew to the Country* and *An Old Heart Goes A-Journeying*. They were attempts at escape by a man who wanted to become neither a turncoat nor to belong to the 'inner emigration.' Fallada's literary decline, particularly in his style, soon became apparent. Seemingly aware of this, he shifted his ground again, and the result is *Wolf Among Wolves*.

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In reading books of certain authors who chose to remain in the Third Reich, one usually searches for symptoms indicating that the writer disguises his real opinions. Fallada is a writer without much temperament and without clear-cut views, a man who adjusts himself easily and is willing to kowtow. Although not without certain resources, he is always able to change his course. He avoids being confronted with decisions, even at the expense of his integrity as a writer. This lack of self-assertion marks Fallada as a typical representative of the German middle class.

In the last few years Fallada has been in the habit of writing apologetic prefaces to his novels emphasizing his loyalty. This time he feels compelled to warn the reader that his novel was inspired by his imagination alone. For the benefit of those who may try to interpret the novel as a comparison of past and present in Germany, where inflationist tendencies are once more disturbing many people, Fallada says that 'those who were saved should not completely forget past dangers, but should doubly rejoice in their liberation when thinking of those dangers.' He probably uses this archaic language as a kind of shield. Does he really maintain that it was National Socialism which brought about this liberation? Not only today, but even in the past? Who will believe such a fairy tale?

Fallada has completely omitted the activities of the working class in 1923 in his novel. Workers do not appear at all, and the author confines himself to the description of downtrodden bums, outcasts, pimps, whores and the like. Nowhere does he speak of the proletariat, which was extremely important in the Germany of 1923. He divides his characters into good and bad ones, and their goodness or badness is determined by their 'national reliability.'

In the center of this long, sometimes too grandiloquent novel, Fallada places the Küstrin Putsch of November, 1923; the Vehme murders by the Black Reichswehr, secret arsenals, secret agents and *agents provocateurs* play their part. He attempts to prove that this multitude of sinister and obscure characters—these wolves among wolves—failed in the task that only one person, Hitler, later achieved. Fallada is subtle enough to avoid actually mentioning Hitler or National Socialism, but the manner of his description is one prolonged bow before the Führer. His heart almost breaks when the Küstrin Putsch fails; but one may rest assured—his heart is not really breaking, for he is one of those people with heart trouble who can stand a lot of strokes and who reach a ripe old age.

In his first books Fallada saw things differently, but at that time he did not have to qualify for membership in Dr. Goebbels' Chamber of Culture. Then Fallada saw the driving forces on both sides—today he sees one side only.

Fallada maintains that his book also deals with a few upright, courageous and faithful men. He seems to regard one of his bandits from the Ukraine and the Baltic Sea, a loafer in a gambling house who keeps false books for a bankrupt Junker, as a model. Parasites are made to appear as noblemen. But on none of his twelve hundred pages does he describe the causes, the originators, the promoters—the true wolves of inflation; his description of the inflation moves on the surface and nowhere penetrates the realities of this unspeakable turmoil. So his realism, despite his pains and his many fine trappings, is only make-believe.

It is impossible to say how much further Fallada will go downward. He tries to escape reality by turning toward the past, and yet he forges even the past. Some passages reveal signs of an inward revolt against National Socialism; others prove his ability, his unusual gift for observation. One thing is clear; living among wolves is a perilous existence.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE HISTORY OF MILITARISM. *By Alfred Vagts. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1937. 510 pages. $4.75.*

ARE Hitler, Mussolini and the rest militarists? What is this militarism about which we read in congressional speeches, pacifist pronouncements, and the history texts? How important a factor is it in the present headlong race in armaments? Can we control it right here in America? Dr. Vagts does not answer these questions directly, but he does go far in making us better able to answer them ourselves by presenting this searching analysis of the rise and spread of militarism as an historical process.

He distinguishes at the outset between 'militarism' and 'the military way.' The latter is simply a technique of national action to insure objectives decided on by the civilian leaders. The former 'presents a vast array of customs, interests, prestige, actions and thought associated with armies and wars and yet transcending true military purposes.' It is, in short, the doctrine of war for its own sake, a technique of fusing the ideology of military leaders and of economic and political groups standing to gain from military expansion with the mass emotional responses to the black arts of propaganda—for the purpose of converting national policy into war and bellicose (or at least preparedness) channels.

The author traces the evolution of militarism from its early association with chivalric honor, through the emergence of the early nation-states in which military power and political prestige first became intertwined, to the present juggernaut of the nation-in-arms. How the various elements in militarist philosophy and practice have been integrated into the contemporary system of *Machtpolitik* which increasingly dominates the internal and external activities of the Powers, great and small alike, is described against an historical perspective rich in detail and broad in scope.

The impact of economic factors on both the techniques of warfare and the objectives for which wars are fought is sharply outlined. As long as war remained the prerogative of the nobility, it was only an intensified duel, confined within more or less rigid bounds by codes of honor and limited objectives of conquest. When the officer-class was opened to the non-aristocrat, and bourgeois influence became dominant within the army as within the State, war took on new forms and was utilized for new objectives—conquest of markets as well as of territory, control of trade as well as of dynasty.

This pattern includes not merely the professional interests and objectives of the military castes, but the institutions and drives of our present-day economy and the subtle but dynamic urges—the 'inarticulate premises'—of the peoples. These forces have, especially during the last century in which nationalism has become a dominant factor in molding opinion, accentuated the influence of militarism on State policy. Dr. Vagts has traced their emergence and ramifications with scarifying clarity and precision. From feudalism to the seventeenth-century doctrine of sovereignty, from sovereignty to the nineteenth-century ideal of nationalism, he exposes the inherent clash between the purposes of peace and the aims of a militant and militarized nation. He describes the rise to dominance of militarist over civilian control of policy. He indicates how and why the economy, the psychology, the politics of every State have become enmeshed in the gears of the war machine. From the historical background of half a dozen centuries, he illuminates 'the tragic fallacy' of our own.

—PHILLIPS BRADLEY

STRONG MAN OF CHINA—THE STORY OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK. *By Robert Berkov. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 288 pages. $3.00.*

MR. HIROTA, the Japanese Foreign Minister, recently told the members of the Diet that Japan's immediate problem was to 'give China a final blow and end Chiang Kai-shek's leadership.' In the eyes of the Japanese, it seems, Chiang Kai-shek is the strong man of a weak nation. He has, however, been a strong man since 1925 when, according to Mr. Berkov, he was described as a man 'who possesses the quality of being able to unravel problems affecting both China and the world. He is well aware which path has to be taken in order to obtain and retain power, and he realizes that

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the support of the masses is an uncertain quantity.'

Chiang rose to prominence about twelve years ago, when he was forty. At that time there was a serious schism in the Kuomintang. The leader of the Right wing was chased out of Canton in the autumn of 1925 and was not recalled from Europe until the following spring when the leader of the Left-wing Kuomintang was, in his turn, forced to flee. Meanwhile, Chiang became Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Central Executive Committee of Kuomintang. At the beginning of 1928 he was made not only the Chairman of the Central Political Council in Nanking but also head of the National Military Council. By the end of 1930 he was not only the outstanding political and military leader but also held the portfolio of education. For the past ten years, Chiang has been dominant in Nanking even during his two brief periods of retirement when he remained indispensable to the Government.

Mr. Berkov tells the story of Chiang's career: how he began as an apprentice in a shop, studied in a Tokyo military academy, fought in the 1911 Revolution, became a broker in Shanghai ten years later, fought for the Revolution in 1926 and married an American-educated wife who has prevented him from 'becoming just another Chinese war lord.' Here, too are revealed such personal details as how he has dealt with his Communist son, with his spendthrift adopted son, with his first wife and with his one-time concubines. It is a vivid and romantic story. In telling this story the author has proved himself a first-rate journalist capable of writing an attractive and, above all, an unbiased report.

—CHEN HAN-SENG

A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN. *By Miriam Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 779 pages. $5.00.*

MONEY POWERS OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES. *By Paul H. Emden. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. 428 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

WITHIN the past few years Big Business has taken a great deal of heavy punishment from its enemies—most of them on the Left. Hot controversy centers around Ferdinand Lundberg's massive attack on *America's Sixty Families*, and the same author's caustic biography of Hearst cannot be laughed off. Lewis Corey has pilloried the Morgans, and Harvey O'Connor the Guggenheims. Taking his cue from the classic work of Gustavus Myers, Matthew Josephson dramatized the exploits of our *Robber Barons;* and in her scrupulously documented *Rulers of America* Anna Rochester has given us an impressive example of Marxist scholarship applied to our 'malefactors of great wealth.'

Against this backdrop of hard-fisted realism, Miriam Beard's sumptuous panorama of the Business Man from Roman Mæcenas to German Fritz Thyssen reads almost like an *apologia*. Not that the daughter of Charles A. Beard, and wife of the German émigré historian of diplomacy and militarism, Alfred Vagts, is following in the reverent footsteps of Samuel Smiles: she is too good a liberal for that, and her open scorn for Fascism as a sort of 'field-gray capitalism' will not encourage the rotarians. The trouble lies in her approach, and in a manner of treatment—fulsome, packed with anecdotal detail, at times almost melodramatic—that somehow gives to even the most unscrupulous gold-seekers a heroic aspect. Miss Beard, one feels, considers the Business Man an indispensable element in human civilization: indifferent as they may be to all the finer things of life, careless of honor, of ideals and of all gains not measurable in the counting-house, the Lords of Money appear in her rich pages as benefactors, leaving a priceless residue of good in the ashes of their destructive activities.

Forewarned of this distortion, the reader can surrender himself to the fascination of Miss Beard's narrative. Seldom have the early exploits of the Trader been so vividly described: her chapters on the Hanse town of Lübeck, on the Medicis of Florence, on Venice, and on the triumphs of the 16th century Dutch magnates are masterpieces of historical reconstruction. We watch the star of commerce moving north from the Mediterranean lands to England, and with it go the gifts of the arts and sciences. One section, dealing with the rise and power of the Fuggers, is a veritable epitome of the splendor and ruthlessness of the men who were discovering how to use the instruments of capital in their conquest of social and political power. Curiously enough, the supposedly large rôle of the Jews in this early period is shown to be a complete myth: Miss Beard presents evidence to show that Jewish participation in

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trade was virtually negligible until about the time of the Rothschilds in the 18th century: even their pawn-shop symbol of the three balls was adapted from the Medicean coat-of-arms. From fourteenth-century Florence also we get a forerunner of twentieth-century Soviet Russia; the red flag of the Stoneworkers Guild, with its design not only of a hammer and chisel but also the hammer and the sickle.

Compared with Miss Beard's luxurious work, Mr. Emden's is a cold *douche*. Here, in the form of numerous closely-written and precise little essays, supported by a rich documentation, are the stories of the great bankers and financiers of the past hundred years. England gives us the Barings, Lloyds, Barclays, Gilbert; France, the Credit Mobilier and Lyonnaise, Ouvrard, Baron Hirsch; Germany, the Mendelssohns, the Rothschilds, the Deutsche Bank. These, and scores of other now famous institutions, are presented against a background of intense economic development and imperialist rivalries, such as is pictured in the classic Suez Canal episode. Mr. Emden, however, pays no attention to the wider social implications of his subject: the fact that the period with which he deals was one of the most revolutionary in the world's history is entirely neglected, and this seriously lessens the value of his otherwise painstaking and competent book. What he omits, Miss Beard will help to supply—but both authors need as a corrective some of the works mentioned in the first paragraph of this review. Add, for the United States, the incredible pages of *They Told Barron*.

—Harold Ward.

Great Britain and Palestine. *By Herbert Sidebotham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 310 pages. $4.00.*

PERHAPS the best way to indicate the purpose of this interesting volume is to quote from the author's foreword: 'This book does not pretend to be a history of the Mandate, and though it is Zionist in its sentiment, it is not written from the Jewish point of view. It continues an argument which I was one of the first to put forward in the early days of the war and advocates a close alliance between us (Great Britain) and the Zionists as a prime interest of (Great Britain's) Imperial policy of peace and progress in the East.'

As a student of strategy in the World War, this prominent British, non-Jewish journalist in 1915 came to the conclusion that the future of the British Empire depended upon the setting up, in the strategic geographical region called Palestine, of a strong, rich, friendly Jewish State which would ever be in grateful alliance with Great Britain and thus insure the latter's continued supremacy in the eastern Mediterranean area. With this idea in mind he helped found a Palestine Committee which counted among its first members Dr. Chaim Weizmann. The chemical services rendered by the latter to the British Government eventually enabled him to direct Balfour's attention to the Zionist project and in 1917 the famous Balfour Declaration was issued. It definitely represented a British war measure designed to attract the aid of rich Jews in the still neutral countries, to forestall a similar German action and to meet the strategic views of certain non-Jewish Britishers.

The author praises highly the progress thus far made by the Jews in Palestine. He shows that the Zionists have achieved a remarkable record in agriculture, in trade, industry and banking, and in cultural matters. In the process they have greatly benefited the Arabs, although this gain 'has not been sufficiently widely shared by all sections of the Arab population.' But with the British tactics in Palestine Mr. Sidebotham has little sympathy. Much of the trouble, he maintains, is the result of the army's apparent disapproval of the Balfour Declaration and sympathy with the Arabs. The military resent the failure of the civil authorities and the League of Nations to fulfill the army's war-time promises of independence to the Arabs in return for their help against the Turks. From a purely tactical point of view, moreover, it was unwise to appoint a Jew, distinguished and fair-minded though he was, as Palestine's first High Commissioner. On the other hand, the opposition of the (Semitic) Arabs is not, in the first instance, based upon anti-Semitism. They would have been just as much opposed, in Sidebotham's opinion, to the settling in Palestine of a group of Christian British colonists with the idea of creating a national home for them on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

The Arabs, furthermore, were much encouraged by the British Government's evident desire to prevent any flood of immigration into Palestine. This was probably done for

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sound economic reasons, but the Arabs might, if they wished, construe it as lack of enthusiasm or weakness on the part of Westminster officialdom.

'The way to have avoided present troubles,' says the author, 'would have been to avow our determination to make Palestine a dominantly Jewish State and the hinge of Arab fame and greatness in Syria and Iraq.' But war-weariness and the popular post-War antipathy to anything that smacked of Imperialism prevented the formulation of such a policy. Instead, despite its high motives, the Mandate administration was weakened by an exaggerated respect for existing rights, a 'too purely legalistic' approach to a practical problem, and a 'juridical habit of mind' where 'the will to rule' was needed. Thus 'an ancient and terrible wrong' to the Jews was perpetuated in an attempt to prevent 'a new and imaginary wrong' to the Arabs. On these grounds, and because of its effect on the Jews and its strategic implications, Mr. Sidebotham naturally opposes the plan of partition suggested by the Peel Commission in 1937.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet: The Life and the Poems. *By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1937. 2 volumes. 403, 444 pages. $6.00.*

IN 1917 Louis Untermeyer published his translation of Heine's poems. He has now revised and completed his version of them, and added a definitive life of their author. For many years a student of Heine, and, like him, both a poet and a Jew, Mr. Untermeyer has been able to combine sympathy with scholarship, and produce two volumes which every one interested in Heine will wish to possess.

In writing the life of Heine, Mr. Untermeyer has renounced the temptation of the theatrical. The facts, as we now know them, lend themselves to such a treatment, but to indulge it would have made the life shed a false light upon the poems. For the truth is that the paralysis which crippled Heine in his forties was caused by syphilis, which he had caught during his youthful excesses; and in the interest of accuracy, Mr. Untermeyer feels compelled to frankness. But it is equally true that neither Heine nor his doctors appear to have made this diagnosis. For us, therefore, his life might easily have taken on the flavor of lurid scientific melodrama. In austerely avoiding such a treatment, Mr. Untermeyer has also avoided distorting the relationship between Heine's life and his poetry.

Since Heine did not know its cause, his disease did not have the effect on his personality that it had on Baudelaire. He did not associate it with his erotic experiences. Whatever suspicions he may have had, he preferred consciously to assume that paralysis was the unknown, unexpected hand of fate falling upon him, and consequently to be endured at times querulously, at times with wry humor, but never with self-indulgent tears. Perhaps Heine's gift of laughter, the alacrity with which he accepted experience, would in any case have denied him the tortured misanthropy of a Baudelaire. For he belonged with the past and not the future. He did not anticipate the Decadents, but with his own emphasis, the verve and eroticism, now breaking into realistic irony, now swelling into romantic praise of human liberty, he carried forward the tradition of Burns and Byron.

When Mr. Untermeyer isolates paradox as the central quality of Heine's personality, he is placing him squarely in this tradition. Heine's were the unresolvable paradoxes of an enlightened bourgeois in the first half of the nineteenth century who could sense the deficiencies of his class without recognizing their causes. Hence Heine is at once the representative of middle class domesticity and its satirist; just as his keen sense of being a Jew does not prevent his having as keen a sense of being a German, and his revolting at times from being either. Mr. Untermeyer stresses, perhaps too much, that Heine's conversion to Christianity was for a practical purpose, and that he returned to the God of his fathers during his last years.

It remains true that for the greater part of his life he was more the individualist than the Jew. He alternately hated and adored the banker uncle who financed his wayward career, and, after his uncle's death, virtually blackmailed his heirs with the threat of publishing family secrets. But the sudden shifts from irony to sentiment in his conversation, his letters, his poetry, were only exaggerations of a similar instability in the contemporary society. These were the days when 'free trade,' the expansion of the industrial system, the predominance of *laissez-faire* ideology stimulated

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in society the free play of contradiction, his translation of which into literature was the very basis of Heine's popularity. Mr. Untermeyer remarks upon the persecution of Jews at the time. The entire Nazi prejudice of our own day then found expression in the writings of the philosopher Fichte, and it was sporadically practiced in local boycotts and expulsions. But the general tendency was contrariwise, and Heine's uncle rose to wealth and prestige. All these contradictions Heine reflects, and of course he reflects them superficially. Only a less catholic and realistic sensibility could escape superficiality, unless he was prepared to suffer the submersion of a Marx, the double exile of mind and body. Idealists like Fichte and Hegel could be profound and acceptable at the price, so it now seems to us, of objective accuracy. Heine's poetry illustrates more suggestively than any other German literary expression of the period this relationship between ideas and actuality, and Heine demonstrated that the insight in catching the paradox could be appreciated and popular.

The poems often exhibit Heine's paradoxes in symbolic form. Their utilization of fable, of old legend, is as out of favor today as their amorous sentimentality. But no student of the period can afford to miss them. And Mr. Untermeyer has done justice to their quality where other translators have abjectly failed. Much of their charm depends upon German idioms that carry overtones of meaning for which there are no English equivalents. Occasionally his version drifts into the prosaic. More often the German idea is simply more sentimental than the tradition of English speech can endure. But Mr. Untermeyer has caught the smooth, succinct colloquialism which is their essential quality. For readers who are ignorant of German his versions are indispensable.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

War in China. *By Varian Fry. New York: The Foreign Policy Association. (Headline Books, No. 13). 1938. 95 pages. $.25.*

THIS brief presentation of an important subject, in the popular style of the Foreign Policy Association's 'Headline Books,' should be serviceable to the general public, although its value would have been enhanced by the inclusion of practical suggestions as to the line which the policy of the United States should take. The product of Mr. Fry's excellent style, accompanied by Mr. Grant's attractive maps and charts, is marred only, in this reviewer's opinion, by his under-estimation of the desire for knowledge about the Far East on the part of the American public. As a result, the political and economic background to the current crisis has been skeletonized, and its interpretation has, perhaps purposely, been confined to a minimum.

Granted that the book does not set out to make definite and practical suggestions regarding America's rôle in the Far East, it does aim 'to provide sufficient unbiased background information to enable readers to reach intelligent and independent conclusions on the important international problems of the day.' One regrets, however, that there is no account of the strained social and economic situation in Japan, which many informed persons believe to be the major cause of the present war, nor an explanation as to why, in 1932, 'the two great English-speaking nations' went their separate ways in their policies toward Japan.

Nevertheless, Mr. Fry has written a sparkling narrative of the progressive foreign penetration in China, culminating in the Japanese onslaught today. As a succinct account of the high points in modern Far Eastern events, this is a good piece of work, which should be useful in stimulating American interest in the Far East and in the complex problems of American policy in the Pacific.

—Chen Han-seng

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WORLD TRADE

IT IS OBVIOUS that America has not yet chosen between the theories of self-sufficiency and free, or comparatively free, economy and trade. Secretary Hull's trade agreement program has its defenders and its bitter detractors. In regard to this very important question it is not amiss to call attention to a 'World Affairs Pamphlet' recently published by the Foreign Policy Association: '*The Hull Trade Program and the American System*,' by Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell. Everyone engaged in, or interested in, foreign trade, or in the social structure of the nation, should read this thoughtful and well-documented study of the effects upon a people of its foreign trade policy. Dr. Buell's major conclusion is that the one 'sound alternative' to a 'rigorous regimentation of American economy, which could probably be enforced only by the most ruthless dictatorship. . . . is a return to competitive enterprise'—represented in part by the Hull trade program —'freely functioning within the carefully defined limits of government controls established for a genuine social purpose.'

Opponents of the Hull program may be surprised to learn that according to Dr. Buell's analysis, duties have been reduced on only 411 commodities out of a total of 3,200 in the tariff act during the past three and a half years, and in the fact that, on the average, the duties established under the Hull trade agreements continue protection as great as that prescribed by the 1922 tariff. And while Dr. Buell admits that 'protection against social abuses and unfair competition, whether at the hands of domestic or foreign business, is a thoroughly justified function of government,' he insists that 'America has been suffering from a form of protection which has worked to the benefit of the inefficient, cut down the production of wealth and purchasing power and contributed to making the American economy perhaps the most unstable in the world.' He concludes by saying that we must 'choose between bottling ourselves up in a system of nationalistic monopolies in which pressure groups scramble for more and more of less and less, and removing those maladjustments in our national life which are due to excessive protectionism. . . . As far as the United States is concerned, the (Hull) program is a symbol around which those who believe in free enterprise, democracy and peace should rally.'

'TOO LATE to serve the purpose expected of it,' is the London *Economist's* comment on the recent trade agreement between the United States and Czechoslovakia. What the writer had in mind was the possibility of a Danubian federation, which, under normal circumstances, would have been greatly increased by the provision in the agreement that Czechoslovak preferences to the other Danubian States would not be regarded by the United States as violations of the most-favored-nation clause. The possibility of such a federation ended on March 11th with the disappearance of Austria, one of the Danubian community, and with Germany's acquiring a foothold on the Middle Danube. Berlin will never for a moment tolerate steps toward any such arrangement if it is not dominated by herself, and her interests are best served by keeping the smaller countries in Eastern Europe weak and disunited. Even the agreement with Czechoslovakia may have to be cancelled if Germany should force Czechoslovakia to adopt economic policies which were not contemplated by the State Department when the agreement was negotiated and signed.

JAPANESE trade experts openly express their doubts that the boycott abroad of

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Japanese goods because of sympathy with the Chinese will be either serious or prolonged. They are, nevertheless, keeping a close watch on the export figures. Comments on the January figures are the latest at our disposal, and the Japanese themselves do not expect to find proof one way or the other about the effect of the boycott until late in the Spring. As for January, the total exports were 162,574,000 Yen, against the boom figure of 199,465,000 Yen for January last year and 174,547,000 Yen in 1936. Some of the decline is undoubtedly due to boycotts, as in the case of Hongkong, which took only 795,000 Yen in goods against a value of 4,799,000 Yen a year before, and in that of India, whose imports dropped from 54,000,000 Yen in 1937 to less than 9,000,000 Yen in January 1938. Elsewhere, in the United States, for example, where imports have dropped from 47,000,000 Yen to 23,650,000 Yen during the month, the Japanese attribute the decline to slump rather than to boycott. In support of this view they point out that the British, who have been strongly incited to boycott Japanese goods by a section of the press and by influential individuals, actually took 10,220,000 Yen worth of goods last January, against 8,643,000 Yen worth in the same month in 1937. South American purchases rose by 25 per cent and Australia's purchases rose threefold, despite the strength of the Labor movement in the Dominion. The *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, in its Commercial Supplement, reserves judgment on the question of the effects of the boycott because of the coincidence of recession.

TIMES are good in Australia, although certain clouds hover on the horizon. The favorable trade balance amounted to £36,373,000 for the year 1936–37, an increase of £12,000,000. A passive balance of £6,000,000 with the United States for the previous year was converted into a favorable balance of a little over £2,000,000 because of increased American purchases of Australian wool and gold. The trade with Italy showed a phenomenal increase, the favorable balance rising from £106,000 in 1935–36 to £3,800,000 in 1936–37. At present, commercial circles in the Dominion are deeply concerned over the outcome of three sets of trade negotiations: the renewal of the trade agreement with Japan, which expires in June; the renewal of the Ottawa agreements with Great Britain, for which Australia has sent a delegation to London; and the Anglo-British trade negotiations at Washington. The latter, especially, is viewed with not a little concern in Australia. And the new agreement with Japan, in view of the Japanese determination to become more self-sufficient and import less, can scarcely be as favorable as the last. Japan's decision to make a large use of fiber compulsory in the textile industries is certain to dictate a drastic cut in the quota of wool to be bought in Australia.

FIBER, in fact, looks as though it might become a sharp threat to the wool and cotton exporting countries. So great is the emphasis placed on the use of fiber by the self-sufficiency seeking totalitarian States that their sheeplike citizens may soon be going about in what it would not be unfair to call wolf's clothing. In 1937, Italy produced over 70,000 tons of staple fiber, Germany produced 90,000 tons and Japan 80,000. In all these countries staggering increases are planned.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THROUGH its Washington staff, the National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) scrutinizes proposed legislation relating even remotely to United States foreign policy perhaps more closely than any other peace group. Such legislation is listed and analyzed in the Council's 'Washington Information Letter,' together with a statement of objections which is usually representative of opinion among the peace organizations generally. The State Department's conduct of policy is similarly studied and criticized. In recent weeks the Council has been principally engaged in pointing out the dangers in the Super-Navy program, in exposing what is termed the 'fraudulence' of the so-called War-Profits Bill and in warning the public that the entire 'Good Neighbor' policy may be jeopardized by the State Department's attitude toward Mexico's expropriation of American and British oil properties.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) announces the publication of a new booklet in the illustrated 'Headline' series in mid-May. Its subject will be the tangled Palestine problem, and it is being prepared by David H. Popper, a member of the Association's Research Staff. Following a brief history of Palestine through the centuries, there will be a sketch of the Arab Revolt and the British campaign during the World War, an account of the diplomatic negotiations over the future status of the territory, a survey of the Post-War history of Palestine, including descriptions of the establishment and growth of the Jewish National Home and the rise of Arab nationalism, and finally a summary and criticism of the Royal Commission's proposals for the partition of the Mandate.

SECRETARY Hull's proposal to establish a special international committee to facilitate the emigration of political refugees from Germany and Italy was sincerely welcomed by one of the smaller but more energetic of the organizations, the American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born (100 Fifth Avenue, New York City). The Committee especially urged that its sympathizers support the Celler Right-of-Asylum Bill by letters, telegrams and resolutions addressed to Representative Samuel Dickstein, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. In a statement calling attention to the fact that April 13th was the 195th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, the Committee quoted from his inaugural address of 1801: 'Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitive from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?' The statement concluded with the plea that 'Congress restore upon the statute books the principles enunciated by Thomas Jefferson not only to guarantee that this country will accept its share of refugees from present-day tyrannies but that refugees who have escaped here may be free from the threat of deportation.'

A RELEASE from the American League for Peace and Democracy (268 Fourth Avenue, New York City), which represents groups with a total membership in excess of four millions, reveals its enthusiastic support of a more active policy of coöperation by the United States with other democratic governments in halting Fascist aggression. The League is particularly concerned with the passage of the O'Connell, Scott, Biermann and Lewis bills defining an aggressor nation and providing for concerted action to stop aggressors by withdrawing from economic relations with them.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

sprightly description of her 'Visit to a Harem,' where she learned that while she and the Sultan's ladies may be sisters under the skin, their manners are entirely different. [p. 249]

THE 'Miscellany,' or group of unrelated articles, includes the following: first, 'Oh Yeah?', a light essay on recent trends in advertising by Seán O'Faoláin, the Irish writer who received an M.A. from Harvard but whose education came 'mainly by good conversation' [p. 256]; second, 'Women in Uniform,' a description of how the Nazi *Gleichschaltung* is being applied to women and girls [p. 258]; and third, 'River of Mystery,' an account by the British explorer Stuart Martin of his search for Colonel Fawcett in the deadly Matto Grosso [p. 260].

THIS month's Persons are Nikolai Yezhov, the dread chief of the Soviet Political Police, who according to this émigré writer, Roman Gul, was mainly responsible for unchaining the recent reign of terror in Russia [p. 226]; Prince Saionji, Japan's Grand Old Man and the 'Last Genro,' as seen by his grandson [p. 229]; and Marie Laurencin, the well-known artist who has won fame in her special field—the painting of women [p. 231].

IN THIS month's 'Letters and the Arts,' Ernest Newman, the distinguished English music critic speculates on the future of 'Aryan Music,' after it has been purged of the Jewish taint [p. 265]; an art historian congratulates Picasso on his emergence from the 'Ivory Tower' [p. 266]; Hugh Walpole deprecates the 'Novel of Ideas' [p. 267]; and Knut Hamsun finds himself in trouble with the 'puritans' in Norway [p. 268].

OF JEAN-ROBERT LONGUET, whose article on the rioting in Morocco, 'An Empire Built on Sand,' appeared in the March issue, we said only that he is a Socialist and that the article appeared in the anti-Fascist and anti-Imperialist *Clarté*. Professor Albert Guérard of Stanford University writes that we should have warned the reader more specifically about Longuet's extremism, since 'anti-colonialism is for him a lifelong and fanatical creed.'

Professor Guérard contributes this illuminating gloss on Longuet and the situation in Morocco:—

'I happen to believe that Jean Longuet is perhaps more nearly right than the Ultra-Conservatives, for whom native discontent is entirely the result of foreign propaganda—Fascist, Pan-Arabic and Communist. I was in Morocco myself last year, and I was painfully struck by the distress of the overgrown urban proletariat. That distress, however, was caused, not entirely by the selfish policy of the French settlers, but by the following factors:—

'1. The natives flocked into the cities, attracted by Lyautey's ambitious program of public works. The works are nearly completed now, and the financial crisis makes it difficult to start a new program.

'2. The death rate has fallen in the last quarter of a century with startling rapidity, thanks to the peace, improved living conditions and hygiene introduced by the French (and paid for entirely out of French money). The population has doubled in that period and is increasing faster than the resources of the country.

'3. There has been a three-year drought, especially in those parts where there are no French settlers (the Atlas and the extreme South). The starving tribesmen seek relief in Marrakesh, in particular. The Resident General is doing his best to assist them; but it is not surprising that there should be signs of discontent.'

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